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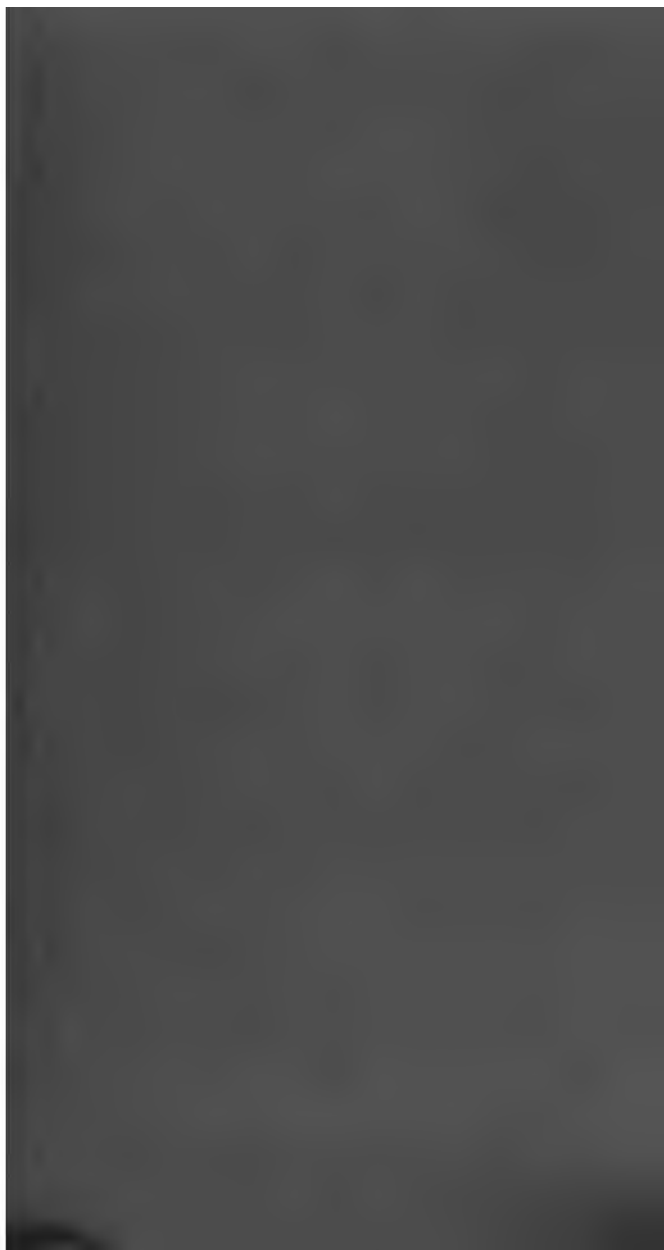
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LAYS

FROM

THE POORHOUSE;

BEING A COLLECTION OF

Temperance and Miscellaneous Pieces,

CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

BY JOHN YOUNG,

Late Inmate of Barnhill Poorhouse, Glasgow.

GLASGOW:

GEORGE GALLIE, 99 BUCHANAN STREET.

MDCCLX.



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PREFACE.

WHATEVER slight poetical abilities the Author of the following effusions may possess, have been cultivated within the walls of a Poorhouse—not the most favourable soil for the sweet flowers of poesy. Nevertheless, it was within the walls of a Poorhouse that the Author first strung his uncouth lyre, and running his ungainly fingers over its chords, drew forth their first notes, which, if not melodious, even to his own ears, did much—very much—to smooth the wrinkled brow of care; to dispel an ever-haunting gloom from the Author's mind; and to throw, at times, a very charm around the (to him) otherwise monotonous hours of Poorhouse life.

That the whole of these lays should have even a secondary place assigned them in the class to which they belong, is what cannot be expected, considering the source whence they spring, to say nothing of the Author's want of education, which must be patent to all. Besides, the physical debilities under which the Author labours (the most grievous being defective eye-sight), sadly militate against him; so that, should any reader feel disposed to criticise the Author's musings severely, and pronounce his lyre to be a mere monochord, or one-stringed instrument, he may judge more leniently when he knows that said instrument is played upon by a monoculist, nay, by a minstrel with scarcely *half* an eye. The Author may, indeed, be told that defective eye-sight is no excuse for the stumblings of his Muse, and that the greatest poem of the English language, perhaps the greatest of any language, was the work of one entirely blind. True, but John Milton had attended to the cultivation of his mind, and stored up rich pabulum for his daring Muse, ere things terrestrial were shut out from his bodily ken; whereas, the Author of "Lays from the Poorhouse" must

plead guilty to the charge of sadly neglecting intellectual culture until overtaken by misfortune, and deprived of the power to earn a living by his own industry, he had to betake himself to the Poorhouse, where, shut out from the world, and brooding over his hapless condition, he paid his respects to the "Sisters Nine," hoping that they might grant him a few stray favours, to enable him to tell over his woes, and his blisses—if ever he should have any—in rhyme.

Especially it was his desire to warn the unwary to avoid the sinuous path which led him to his dismal home—Intemperance; though, as for *sinuosity*, he knows of no straighter road to the Poorhouse than that of intemperance. In proof of which, if proof be needed, the Author can say that, after six years' trial of Poorhouse life, from among a floating adult community, seldom averaging less than from four to five hundred, *he never came in contact with more than a score* who had not been brought to their degraded position, *directly or indirectly*, through strong drink.

The Author hopes that the Temperance Lays may, however humble in themselves, be a means in the hands of Him who alone can strengthen their human weakness, of reclaiming some poor wanderer from the downward path of intemperance, and placing him firmly upon the only solid basis of safety for all, that of total abstinence.

As for the Miscellaneous Pieces, which are the most numerous, they are given under the ordinary disadvantages which authors in general think themselves privileged to plead, and a host of peculiar ones, too numerous to mention.

That the entire contents of this book (Preface not excepted) are replete with errors in composition is not altogether unknown even to the Author. Despite imperfections, however, the Author (very naturally) fondly hopes that his unpretending volume may obtain a little patronage from an indulgent public; and if, by its sale, he be enabled to shake himself rid of the soul-crushing load of pauperism under which he has so long groaned, the public shall be paid in that coin with which the rhyming fraternity in general, and the Author in particular, is most conversant, namely—most hearty thanks.

To say that the Author is most thankful to Robert Dalgligh, Esq., M.P. for Glasgow; to Alexander Ewing, Esq., Chairman of the Barony Parochial Board, Glasgow; to William Govan, Sen., Esq., now or lately member of said

Board; and to those other kind friends whose generosity has enabled him to publish his fugitive pieces in a collected form, is but a very faint echo of the gratitude which he feels towards them. To his Subscribers also the Author is much indebted; and he trusts they may obtain a like pleasure from the perusal of his book which it afforded him in its compilation. If so, they will be amply rewarded for their outlay of both time and means. Nor shall the Author soon forget the courteous treatment, and the many acts of real kindness, which he has always received from those gentlemen connected with the Glasgow press with whom it has been his good fortune to get acquainted. Their friendship cheered the Author amid many dreary days and sleepless nights, while their paternal, yet unobtrusive counsels, strengthened him against temptations to sin in that particular direction into which he had been so prone to fall.

That an *untrammelled* British Press may ever be entrusted to the guidance of those who are as keenly alive to the welfare of the poor as of the rich—to those who have a kindly greeting and a warm grasp for the maimed hand of the pauper, as readily as the manly, yet withal respectful, bearing for the presence of titled nobility, is the earnest desire of

-THE AUTHOR.

4 STIRLING STREET, COWCADDENS,
GLASGOW, Nov., 1860.

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Part First.

HUMOROUS PIECES, SKETCHES, &c.

MISS CRINOLINE versus MRS. JENNY SPENCE.

A SHOCKING TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT.

PROLOGUE.

To curb that wond'rous faculty of mind
Call'd fancy, is by sages thought unkind,
While on the other hand, to let her sway
O'er reason's realm, is just as bad, they say.
But I, apprentic'd to the rhyming trade,
At which but little now-a-days is made;
Indeed, 'twere pity if it baked my bread,
For, as Dan Goldsmith sings to sooth his woe;—
"Thou found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so."
Still, like the ever wayward sons of song,
Despite hard times, I lightly trip along;
And though my name stands on the parish books,
I kick "dull care" into its furthest nooks;
While fancy with one wafture of her wing,
Transforms me from the pauper to the king.
A king thus far—above my little ills,
A cheerful mind, at times, the state chair fills—
Sole Ruler there; nor dreads th' assassin's knife;
And kings there be, not over sure of life.
Come then, my Muse, the reins to thee are flung,
And see thou briskly wag a pliant tongue;
Tell how Miss Crinoline took much offence,
At that rude rustic, Mistress Jenny Spence,

Clad in coarse druggel from the country loom,
 Her jostl'd sore, loud bellowing for room,
 The while her market basket on her arm,
 Wrought for Miss Crinoline much deadly harm.
 Tell how Miss C. for fashion pled so well,
 And gain'd the approbation of each belle;
 And how old Jenny, in her own rough way,
 Fought quite as bravely for the homely grey.
 But ah! my Muse, I beg of thee take care,
 Sing not in malice, nor offend "The Fair:"—
 So, clear thy throat, both disputants await
 A true, and full report of the debate.

Scene—Glasgow : West corner of Ingram Street. *Time*—11 o'clock
 A.M.—Market day—Thoroughfare very crowded—Jenny, turn-
 ing from Queen Street into Ingram Street, runs foul of Miss
 Crinoline.

Miss Crinoline.

"Dear me, rude hussy, why don't you take care;
 You've broke my every rib; nay, I declare
 Your awkward manners, rough as unhewn stones,
 Have ripped me up, and laid quite bare my bones;
 Press back that hoop [to a bystander] now, thank you
 Miss;—oh! la,
 How shall I ever, ever face Mamma!"

Jenny.

"Mamma! I wish tae peace she'd *brak* yer legs,
 Nor sent ye out this morn tae *break* my eggs,
 Hoop'd roun' wi' girs till ye can hardly striddle,
 As full a-hin' as onie ridin' saddle.
 Gude guide us! was there ever sic stramash—
 Twa dozen o' my eggs tae perfect smash,
 An' them a' trusted by my cuizen Jock,
 Wha gies me tippence mair than ither folk,
 For ilka dizen I can bring his way,
 But hoo'll he ser' his customers this day.
 Deel tak thae ill-contriv'd, cat-witted loons,
 Wha cleed young gilpey's hurdies wi' balloons,
 An' sen' them sailin' thro' the public street,
 Sure tae fa' foul o' ilka ane they meet.
 I kenna hoo this day my hame tae face,
 An' ten tae ane but what I tine my place."

Miss C.

"Your *eggs*, indeed; the damage you have done,
 Will cost my kind Papa full one pound one
 To make it good; and then, there's little doubt,
 He'll scold me so, and dear Mamma will flout,
 And think me careless that I did not pay
 More heed to shun your helter-skelter way.
 But well I wot, 'twas not my fault at all;
 For, as directed—'Right hand to the wall'
 I ever keep; and 'twas your duty meet,
 To take the left, or pass on to the street.
 But, like a head-strong bull, you held your course
 Right on—a very giantess in force—
 Till, lack-a-day! was such a wreck e'er seen—
 My poor, poor, ducky of a Crinoline,
 You've shiver'd quite; nor shall I ever find
 Its match in Glasgow town to suit my mind.
 But wherefore should I time and labour waste;
 You ilbred country people have no taste,
 But flaunt as proudly, clad in russet brown,
 As e'er your betters do in silken gown."

Jenny.

"An' whaur's the sin, *Miss Taste*, an' I may spier,
 That kintra hizzes shud as proudly wear,
 Their weel scour't drugget coats, or red, or broon,
 (Thank gude, they're better stuff than your balloon)
 When they've a mind, in clachan or in toon?
 I'm sure o' this—there's no a bawbee awn
 O' my brown coat, nor was it e'er in pawn,
 Tho' mony falderals are sent that gate;—
 But hoots, noo, lassie, dinna look sae blate;
 I'm no supposin' that 'grey gate' ye'd tak',
 An' lea yer girs upon the pawnman's rack;
 An' far's I'm skill'd in siccen things, I trow,
 Ye'd get but unca little on them noo.
 It's e'en a perfect scunner—naething less—
 Tae see young Misses sail out in a dress
 That gars puir *common sense* folk staun an' glow'r,
 An' tak's as muckle room's a coach an' four.
 Tak' my advice, young lassie, an' gae hame;
 Commit a' that machinery tae the flame,

An' gif yer hanches ser' yer turn that bad,
 Jist be contented wi' a genty pad.
 As for my betters, Miss, I'm certain sure,
 That, tho' but hamely clad, an' something puir,
 I walk upon the croonmost causie stane,
 Whene'er I choose, an' beck nor boo tae nane ;
 Tho' when I meet *true worth* I ne'er negleck,
 Nor hin'most I'm tae gie a' due respeck."

Miss C.

"Good woman, your great ignorance demands
 A free and full acquittal at my hands,
 And, as I think, albeit a little rude,
 That you're not wholly destitute of good ;
 Just step aside, and since 'tis happened so,
 I'll give you some instruction e'er you go."

Jenny.

"Sae be't ; but tho' I'm nane owre proud tae learn,
 Ye'll aiblins fin yer scholar no a bairn."

They both retire into West Ingram Court.

Miss C.

"You've doubtless read, and often, I suppose,
 How our first parents, when in lack of clothes,
 That Eve sew'd leafy garbs, in guilty fear,
 To hide the shame that sin had made appear.
 And how they both, when madly they defied
 Their Great Creator, were by him supplied
 With kindly robes to shield each trembling form
 From boist'rous elements that rose in storm.
 Now, pray observe, there's no injunction laid
 Upon the pair to wear but what they had ;
 Instead of that—their duty you'll confess,
 Was to improve ; and wherefore not in dress ?
 Nay, tho' our bodies go the worms to feed,
 They hold a gem whose value doth exceed
 A million worlds ; hence, 'tis our duty clear,
 For the gem's sake, the casket to revere.
 So we perceive, where mankind live at peace,
 They prosper well, and all the arts increase ;
 The while the seasons follow each amain,
 And each brings its own fashion in its train.



Comes Winter, with his snowy tufted beard ;
 There's cuffs, muffs, boas, and such like prepared ;
 Comes brawling Spring—strong skirts to face the blast,
 With heavy velvet cloaks to hold them fast.
 Comes, tripping o'er the hill, dear laughing May—
 There's white skirts, ribbons, flowers, and feathers gay :
 Comes pensive Autumn, ling'ring in the shade—
 There's shawls from Cashmere—gowns of rich brocade.
 Now, were ' the upper class,' who have the cash,
 And whose life's aim you say's to cut a dash ;
 Were they to hoard their money and not spend,
 How, think you, would the poor with *poortith* fend ?
 Or, if this world of ours had not moved on,
 Could you have prized your *dear auld Caledon*,
 With all her savage sons in boar's skin clad,
 Nor for her daughters *druggit* to be had ?
 'Tis where *refinement* plies her burnished wheels,
 Improvement trips upon improvement's heels ;
 But mark the land on which she does not smile—
 A savage race, a rank and worthless soil.
 She gives us gentle manners, thriving trade ;
 By her the family hearth is blithesome made ;
 She gives books, paintings, sculpture, and in fine,
 She's giv'n us now the *handsome Crinoline*."

Jenny.

"The handsome *Caraleen* ; I maun alloo,
 Its e'en a handsome article jist noo,
 An' *Miss Refinement*, or whate'er's her name,
 Has really muckle credit by the same.
 'I kent ane Meg McClintuck o' the howe,
 A winsome kimmer but sae proud did grow,
 Nocht less wad ser' her but she'd hae a buss'le,
 Ettlen tae catch ane farmer Tamie Russell,
 A feckless bodie wi' baith legs awry,
 But weel fill't huggar, an' some horse an' kye.
 But Meg was puir, an' kent na what tae dae,
 Yet thocht she'd stuff a pad o' new mawn hay ;
 Sae got a denty nievefu' fra the quile,
 In linen bouster-slip steek't up in style.
 Weel, in her bouster an' her brows array'd,
 The first dry Sabbath tae the kirk she gade,
 As roun' an' bu'ky as an or'ner stack,
 Thinking, nae doubt, her Tamie's e'e tae tak'.

Tho' kintra lairds, thanks tae the Railway Post,
 Dae read them daily noo at little cost,
 An' for ae penny fient a hate they miss,
 O' what's gaun on frae Lunon toun tae this;
 Forbye, the news o' ilka forin lan'
 Wi' lichten's speed, they say, is brocht tae han',
 But hoo it comes, I ne'er could un'erstan'.
 Well, chancen tae get News Prent, as I've said,
 Upon the vera nose o't there I read,
 Hoo some gran' Miss, new busket for a ball,
 For ocht I ken, within yer 'City Hall,'
 Was trippen owre some pet staps on the flair,
 In sic a stick out thing as ye hae there;
 An' swirlen near the fire—as it were tow,
 Her Caraleen was instant in a lowe;
 An' 'twas affirmed she met sae muckle skaith,
 'Twas mair than likely it wad be her death.
 But och, I grat my auld e'en maistly blin',
 On this same prent a sadder tale tae fin',
 The while I crunched my verra teeth in rage,
 Tae think upon the madness o' the age.
 A foolish mither dectt her lassie wean,
 O' some few simmers, in a Caraleen;
 And as she'd tae the parlour tae retire,
 She left the wee thing by the kitchen fire,
 Wha in its daffin cam' owre near the same,
 An' the niest moment saw it in a flame.
 And its bit han's, that ne'er could hae dune ill,
 Were bircled like new maut drawn frae the kiln;
 While neck an' shouthers, left by *Fashion* bare,
 As ane may brawly guess, were scouthered sair.
 Noo an' kind Heaven this mither's bairn preserves,
 Ise say this o't—its mair than *she* deserves;
 Tho' I'm aye vext tae see a flow'ret blaw,
 Syne be devoured by Death's still craikin' maw.
 But I maun gang. Noo, Missie, be advised,
 An' guid advice ocht ne'er tae be despised
 By whame'er gi'en—yer Caraleen get sauld,
 Nor let a new ane e'er replace the auld;
 Or, shud ye wile anither frae yer Pa,
 Wha kens what black mischaunter may befa'.
 Noo gang yer wa's, an' sell't for what it brings;
 Get bowls for't, or mak' tacketts o' its springs."

EPILOGUE.

The deed is done, and now the culprit stands,
 To plead for mercy at our Fair one's hands ;
 And sure where ears are ever ope to pain,
 The poor unfortunate ne'er plead in vain.
 You ask what prompted to the direful act ;
 Was't grining mischief, robbery, or in fact,
 Was't pure ungallantry that forg'd the blade
 To stab *the habit* of a lovely maid ?
 I beg your pardon, ladies, if you please,
 But I assure you it was none of these ;
 'Twas, to be candid, that my simple rhyme
 Might *simplify* the *costumes* of our time—
 Or but an itching for the comic sort,
 To laugh like other fools at my own sport.
 "O worse and worse," each fair accusant cries,
 Yet, with a merry twinkle in her eyes ;
 Which twinkle, ladies, be it understood,
 I take as augur of my coming good.
 As for old Jenny, she had best retire—
 'Twas she who first attun'd my uncouth lyre ;
 Hence it is plain she won't—*dare* not refuse
 To stand god-mother for the wicked Muse.

~~~~~

**HOWTHERIN' JEAN.**

## A SKETCH.

Come hither, my Musie, an' lilt me a spring,  
 Tho', doubtless, this while thou's been lang on the wing ;  
 Yet still thou maun try tae come up tae the cauk,  
 Syne aiblins I'se gie thee twa days o' the bank.  
 What tho' at thy notes, in this sang-scraiching age,  
 The poets may giggle, the critics may rage,  
 Thou'rt my sweet consoler o' lane hours at e'en,  
 Sae, gie them a scribe about Howtherin' Jean.

Jean Black was a wife, an' a mither an' a',  
 But siccan a haurel nae mortal e'er saw,  
 Her bairnies were bruckit, her house like a byre,  
 As if tae a *muck-throne* her saul did aspire.

A pair o' sleeves, no ill ava,  
 An' they but had new wristbans twa,  
 Least, I opine, they'd leuk fu' braw,  
                                   An' ser' a while,  
 Though some micht think them, after a',  
                                   Scarce worth the toil.

Had this breast, noo, in time been ta'en,  
 Ere it had jist sae far owre gaen,  
 For monie a day 'twad stuid its ain;  
                                   But, worn thus bare,  
 It shaws nae carefu' han' did deign  
                                   On't pains tae ware.

A wifie's muckle needed here,  
 Tae haud thir linens hale an' fier,  
 An' yet their maister winna steer  
                                   In woman's track,  
 But till they're shamefu' grown he'll wear  
                                   Them on his back.

An' yet, what richt hae I tae fret?  
 Frae sic my bite an' soup I get,  
 Though, when slack servant hizzies let  
                                   Their maister's linens  
 Gae sae far wrang, it gars me sweat  
                                   For my sma' winnin's.

Sae come, auld sarks, I maun fa' tae,  
 An' try what I wi' ye can dae,  
 Tae mak' ye ance mair spruce and gay,  
                                   For kirk or fair,  
 Though siccan jobs richt puirly pay,  
                                   An' grieves ane sair.

An' when I've dune my vera best,  
 On ilk new wristban', neck, an' breast,  
 I'm something fleyed, I maun confess't,  
                                   That my guid name,  
 Richt dowiely will hing its crest,  
                                   In perfect shame.



“Smart’s price,” quo she, an’ quickly clapp’d  
 A croon-piece on the table,  
 Syne saucily her fingers snapp’d,  
 Tauld them tae *fill* the stable;  
 For her, she wasna gaun tae crouch,  
 An’ had nae time to cangle,  
 But wi’ her dug’s price i’ her pouch,  
 She’d buy hersel a mangle.

That e’er our Mall the mangle gat,  
 We’re no jist vera certain,  
 But we s’all gie her—syne we quat—  
 A word or twa at partin’.  
 This our advice—see that she ne’er  
 Drink mair that cursed whisky,  
 Or gif she dae, there’s little fear,  
 ’Twill play her monie a plisky.

True, Johnnie used her no that weel  
 In his gear’s distribution,  
 But aiblins his auld pate did reel,  
 At Nature’s dissolution;  
 An’ whaur a wife’s gien tae the gill,  
 Its best aye tae be tenty,  
 For wives, we ken, at *sic a hill*,  
 Hae drucken duggies twenty.

~~~~~

HOO THE TENANT TRICKED THE LAIRD.

FOUNDED UPON FACT.

A FARMER bodie, Bauldy Ross,
 Somewhaur in Forfarshire,
 Ance wrocht a farm ca’d “Diltymoss,”
 An’ rugg’d and tugget sair
 Tae gar it raise as muckle meal
 As fill his parritch cog—
 For och! it seems his choicest fiel’
 Was but a marshy bog.

The hay lost tuid, the aits ne'er thrive,
 Or an' they grew ava;
 Whaur ye wad gathered ae clean sheaf
 O' weeds ye'd gathered twa:
 Na, e'en the hardy winter wheat
 Fail'd e'er its ear was shot;
 Pattatae drills wad rarely meet,
 An' neeps a' gaed tae rot.

He digg'd an' drained, but torrents broon,
 As if in spitefu' hate;
 An' or'nar shower sent rowin' doon,
 An' laid a' in a spate.
 Sae we need won'er ne'er a bit
 Tho' Bauldy storm an' ban,
 An' rue the day e'er he set fit
 On sic laigh lyin' laun.

But heigh or laigh the Laird was set
 Tae raise his tenants' rent,
 An' quickly factor Doubledebt
 Was on the yerran' sent,
 Whilk gart puir Bauldy claut his pow,
 An' grunt a weary grain,
 Syne mutter that he kent nae how
 He'd ever mak' his ain.

Ae day—'twas when the law permits
 Our muirs an' heighlan' loughs
 Ope' for the sport o' Lairds an' Cits—
 That, spatter'd tae the houghs,
 Puir Bauldy toils, yet glegly eyes
 The Laird gaun hobblin' past,
 When, quick as lictnin' frae the skies,
 A bricht idea flashed:

Sae, grippin' fast the spankie beast,
 The slee auld-farrant rogue
 The hunter led up tae the breast
 Within the safest bog
 Upon his farm. The Laird he swore,
 An' threaten'd wi' the laws,
 While sportin' cronies raised a roar
 O' netlin' lood giffaws.

An' Docter Kitto's stock o' knowledge—
 Whaur gat he it?—In whatna college?
 An' mony ithers I could name
 Wha raised themselves tae lastin' fame.

It's true, I've muckle tae contend wi'
 As want o' sight—aye ill tae fend wi'—
 A cripple han', that e'en at times
 Can jimply scribble oot my rhymes.
 True, tae, I am tae poortith wed,
 An' o' the jade wad fain be rede,
 Yet maun confess, I dinna see
 Hoo *ignorance* can set me free.
 An' surely 'tis nae idle jargon
 Tae mak' the maist o' an' ill bargain.

Weel, tho' my Latin gain me nocht,
 An' eydently I've at it wrocht—
 Come what will, I can naething lose,
 Either by it or by my Muse.
 Indeed, I ne'er was sanguine o't,
 That it wad heize my humble lot
 Aboon the puir man's carkin' strife,
 While yoket tae the trams o' life;
 Tho' some big hearts, wha kens, yet may
 Kick fortune's gowden ba' my way.

~~~~~

### TOOTHACHE!

“Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal  
 A towmond's toothach!”—BURNS

Mr sympathy wi' Robin gangs,  
 In yon well-worded spring,  
 'Bout cruel toothach's maddenin' stangs,  
 That gar'd him loup and fling.  
 An' wad ane ask me, how it comes  
 That I wi' Rab condole?  
 I hae twa auld stumps i' my gums,  
 Hard, hard e'noo tae thole.



I've tried cre'sote, an' oil o' cloves,  
 I've stuff'd them fu' o' pepper,  
 Till they are burnt as broon's pan-loaves,  
 But ne'er a hue they're better,  
 Till e'en the scruf-skin o' my moo  
 Hangs like an empty blether,  
 An' my puir lips are hard, I trow,  
 As ony weel-tan'd leather.

I've smok'd tobacco till I'm sick,  
 But a' tae nae avail,  
 Close tae the ribs I've held my cheek,  
 But that an a' daes fail.  
 I've tried the pow'r that's opium's,  
 I've cram'd them wi' dry catten,  
 But o' the dardum i' my gums  
 It seems there's nae extracken.

I've bor'd them wi' a wire red het,  
 Till I the thing hae thraw'd,  
 In short, a' plans I've tried, and yet  
 The vile stumps keep their haud.  
 An' waur than a', they're sae worn doon,  
 Till maistly out o' sicht,  
 That no a dentist i' the toon  
 Could bring them tae the licht.

They min' ane o' some cherish'd sins  
 Caught in youth's giddy whirl,  
 He thinks them dead until he fin's  
 Them gie anither dirl.  
 An' 'tweel a wat, few are exempt  
 At times frae stings o' conscience,  
 That some part o' their life's been spent  
 At best in hunting nonsense.

But here we ae advantage draw  
 In getting a' things richted,  
 An' surely when the fee's sae sma',  
 We wad dae wrang tae slicht it.  
 Ay, tho' the means whiles fail to cure  
 Infected teeth o' smartaches,  
 We hae a panacea sure  
 For curing sairest heartaches.

I stood at the door watchin' Sandy the tailor,  
 An' soon as the body cam' intae my view,  
 I ran aff tae meet him, hurra'd like a sailor,  
 An' seizin' the breeks, back tae grannie I flew.  
 I gat them drawn on, hansell'd tae in a blinkie,  
 While grannie in a' ways was pleased wi' their worth;  
 Wi' them 'neath my head, tho' I bou'd nae a winkie,  
 I wadna changed places wi' Willie the Fourth.

I grew up tae man, an' wi' cares gat entangl'd,  
 An' fan' that this life was a drag an' a draw,  
 An' that the imprudent, unsteady, newfangl'd,  
 Aye stuck, or were kick't thro' wi' naething ava.  
 Sae wi' a leal heart I woo'd fortune, the kimmer,  
 Was whiles up or doon, as it fitted her freaks,  
 An' when ocht gade wrang, I aye ca'd her a limmer,  
 An' sigh'd for the days when I wore my first breeks.

Sin' then I've drawn on twarrie pair on my hurdies,  
 Some gude anes, some ill, as it happen'd tae fa',  
 An' whiles, mair's the pity, believe ye, my wordies,  
 'Twas jist a' the tier I had ony ava.

Be that as it may, I've had moleskin and plaiden,  
 An' braid claith, an' tartan wi' some gaudy streaks;  
 But ne'er had a pair that I took sic delight in,  
 Or wore me sae weel as thae haimer-made breeks.

I've leev'd thretty years, an' a bit tae the tail o't,  
 And as I look back o'er the path I hae trod,  
 I'm fain tae confess noo, that had I the wale o't,  
 I'd choose me a strauchter an' cannier road.  
 But wise 'hint the han' is a trait o' my kintra,  
 Tho' mair than the Scots hae their ain bits o' freaks  
 An' frae the lan's en' tae the bleak hills o' Fintry,  
 We've a' been maist happy when in our first breeks.

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WEE TAMIE TOTUM—A STORY FOR CALLANS.

ESPECIALLY COMPOSED FOR, AND RECITED TO, THE BOYS OF
 BARNHILL POOR-HOUSE, JANUARY 1ST, 1859.

WEE Tamie Totum was a clever bairn,
 At up-tak' ready, an' sae fond tae learn,
 Without his tasks he ne'er gaed tae the schule,
 Ne'er play'd the trowant, far less play'd the fule.

He ne'er gaed late, nor was sent hame, 'twas said,
 A bruckit face tae wash, or hair tae red ;
 But aye was there fu' timeously an' clean,
 An' ne'er cam' frae't wi' tear-begrutten een.

He ne'er ran hame at e'en wi' tinglin' paws,
 For *him* the maister nicht hae brunt his taws ;
 He ne'er was keepit in for ill-said task—
 Ne'er gi'en tae useless scribblin' at the dask.

Yet oot o' doors he was a steerin' cout,
 Cou'd "rin the rounders," "gowff the ba'" about,
 But ne'er in onie game wad tak' a part
 Till ance he had his lessons a' by heart.

Thus payin' sic attention tae his beuk,
 And ither things, he monie prizes teuk,
 Till hope lichts in his parents' breast the lowe,
 That shaw'd him in a pu'pit wae his pow.

But, foresicht vain !—fell Cholera does approach,
 Death yokes his choicest racers tae his coach,
 Sweeps roun' the kintra side, mair, mair does craive,
 An' blichts Wee Tamie's prospects wi' the lave.

His faither, mither, an' his brithers dear,
 His sisters, tae, trod on ilk ither's bier ;
 Till a' were by the cruel monster slain,
 An' puir Wee Tamie's left tae greet his lane.

Nae kindly frien' had he on a' the earth ;
 And as he couldna boast o' noble birth,
 Wi' ithers tae the Puir-House he maun gang—
 Caul poortith's only biel when ocht gaes wrang.

Our bonnie garden flowers at nicht leuk wae,
 But brichten up on the approach o' day ;
 Sae Time, that gentle nurse o' wounded hearts,
 Soon heal't Wee Tamie's wi' her winnin' arts.

His Puir-House cronie was ane Allan Bell,*
 A cautious chap, an orphan like himsel' ;
 And as they baith were unca fond o' lear,
 They read an' played thegither late an' air.

* A boy inmate.

See, yonder knee-deep clov'ry lea,
 Affords a rich amenity,
 E'en tae our hardest wrocht o' brutes,
 An's neebor Crummie o' the clouts.
 Hoo yon auld naig flings up his heels,
 In uncouth glee, an' loudly squeels,
 In token o' the joy he feels.
 The un milked kye impatient low,
 That rosy Jenny is sae slow ;
 Nor can the puir things un'erstan'
 What hauds the thochtless jaud sae lang.

The farm-yard sultan, " Chanticleer,"
 Has a' his harem noo asteer,
 An' daes his best tae fill the pechans
 O' yon braw mithers an' their cleckens.
 Ah, gentle chuckies, did ye ken
 How puirly whiles yer lord maun fen,
 When he for your's *vile self* denies,
 His matchless worth ye'd greatly prize,
 An' ne'er refuse tae dae his bidden,
 Or on the bauk, or on the midden.

Toun's gentry may, without a doubt,
 Sic hamely scenes an' pleasures scout,
 An' deem as but ill wait the time,
 They spen' in leukin' owre oor rhyme.
 E'en sae—our puir wicht's ae desire
 Is hoo tae string his rustic lyre
 In sonance tae sic rugged springs
 As oor auld mither Nature sings ;
 An' unca proud an' cantie he,
 Tae catch ae kind blink o' her ee.

But och, the hapless chiel is sad,
 Tae think that poortith, heartless jaud,
 Has't in her power tae cut the knot
 That binds him tae the rural cot.
 O had the Fates but kinder been,
 An' no denied him this fair scene,
 He'd shucken e'en her ° frosty han',
 Ay, wi' the bauldest i' the lan.'

* Poortith's.

He a' but envies you ye swains,
 Yer leafy woods an' gow'ny plains ;
 Yer burdies' sangs that thrill the soul
 O pensive bard when he wad stroll ;
 Yet fainly hopes nae fause alloys
 May mar yer pleasures, damp yer joys.

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**A VOICE FROM THE POOR-HOUSE, ON THE CENTENARY  
 BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS, JANUARY 25, 1859.**

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO OUR GLASGOW POETS.

At length the Centenary night  
 O Scotia's laureat, Robin,  
 Tho' muckle frais'd, has ta'en its flicht,  
 The road we're a' ajoggin' ;  
 Say I—a wee thocht late, perchance—  
 Wad tell Saunt Mungo's bardies  
 Hoo that nicht did my fare enhance,  
 E'en tho' that fare sae hard is.

Nae doubt they may turn up the nose,  
 Tae think a Puir-House Poet,  
 But little versed in rhymes or prose,  
 His shauchlin ware shud show it ;  
 Yet surely he may cock his crest,  
 And ape his Doric maister  
 'Mang ither coofs, o' wham the best,  
 Tae Rab's but Poetaster.

Upon that noted Tyesday's e'en,  
 My scrimpit parritch cogie,  
 I clauted oot wi' relish keen,  
 Weel kennin', Rab, the rognie,  
 Didna negleck tae sing the praise  
 (An' what for shud he fail o't) ?  
 O parritch, in his lay o' lays,  
 As Scotia's fuid, the wale o't.\*

\* " But now the supper crowns their simple board,  
 The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food."

**MY MOTHER'S CHAIR.**

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

OLD chair, old chair, what wondrous spell,  
 Attracts me to thee night and morn ?  
 Say, why this lone heart loves to dwell  
 Around thy venerable form ?  
 Fond mem'ry whispers "mother's chair"—  
 I start, I hang my head in shame,  
 That I'd forget her who sat there,  
 And that the charm lies in that name.

'Twas in that chair I saw her last—  
 Thought her recovered, but how vain—  
 Death came e'er I had seen the cast  
 Of her mild countenance again.

'Twas in that chair her last advice  
 Was given to shun the paths I'd trod :  
 'Twas from that chair her gentle voice  
 Pled with me to return to God.

My mother's chair, my mother's chair ;  
 What heart-upbraidings dost thou bring,  
 What stern rebukes, while grim Despair  
 Soars round me on her raven wing.

O, good old chair, relax thy frown,  
 Recall not the soul-burning past,  
 Point forward to the heavenly crown,  
 Which thy late owner won at last.

Her troubles and afflictions here  
 Were many, still she struggled on,  
 Till up in yon celestial sphere,  
 Her trials o'er, the prize is won.

Ay, old chair, point me to the way  
 In which my Christian mother trod ;  
 Recall me to it when I stray ;  
 Teach me to love my mother's God.

Dear absent ones ! oh gently use  
 The precious relic for her sake,  
 Let no rude hand its form abuse,  
 But in it still an interest take.

'Twill ne'er accuse, nor break your peace—  
 Ye ever did your duty there ;  
 Nor though it chide will I e'er cease  
 To prize and love my mother's chair.

## LIFE'S RACE.

SEE yonder callans ca' their girs,  
 As heaves the winnin' post in view,  
 How ilk ane's fancy forward whirs,  
 Tae bin' the laurels roun' his broo.

Or aiblins in their youthfa' zeast,  
 They rin some ferlie jist tae see ;  
 Then ilk ane strives wha first shall feast  
 His ain wee sparklin' curious ee.

They mind us muckle o' their sires,  
 When they in fortune's hunt engage,  
 Spend na alane their youthfu' fires,  
 But silly toittings o' auld age.

Nor gain they Fortune without toils—  
 High o'er head waves her streamers gay ;  
 While she sarcastically smiles,  
 Tae see them sprattlin' up the brae.

See, new-blawn Manhood in his pride,  
 Hoo cleverly he spansk along ;  
 Nor can there ocht wile him aside,  
 Till he rins dune some cherish'd plan.

Au' gif a frien' wad him advise  
 Tae wait till he be in his prime,  
 Eagerly pointin' tae the prize,  
 He says, " Guidman, you maun be mine."

Mark, Middle-age, weel up the hill,  
 Ascendin' wi' a sturdy step ;  
 What big joys dae his bosom thrill,  
 Tae think his wish he's like tae get.

Tell him he noo may slack his speed,  
 Sin' he's sae near the envied mark ;  
 He'll answer, but ne'er turn his head,  
 " It's best, my frien' tae mak' sure wark."

See, whaur Auld-age comes limpin' on,  
 And cruichlen sair for lack o' win'—  
 His wonted fires o' yonth are gone,  
 But brichtly burns the fire within.

## O DEAREST, DINNA BID ME SING.

O DEAREST, dinna bid me sing  
 Yon sang, it breaks my heart, Jamie;  
 E'en noo wee Mary's voice doth ring  
 Out thro' me like a dart, Jamie.

'Tis true that she was but a bairn,  
 Scarce rinnin' at my fit, Jamie;  
 But och! it's unca hard tae learn  
 That lesson tae submit, Jamie.

I think I see the bonny dear  
 Rin toddlin' tae the door, Jamie,  
 As soon's thy weel-kent stap drew near,  
 Tae welcome thee in owre, Jamie.

Syne when she'd led thee tae thy seat,  
 She'd bring her ain wee chair, Jamie,  
 And sit doon happy at thy feet,  
 Singing "Castles in the air," Jamie.

I hop'd her tout she'd waded through,  
 For death, I had nae fear, Jamie,  
 Tho' her het skin an' groupin' broo  
 Micht tauld the tyrant near, Jamie.

While tae rin owre my cup o' grief,  
 Thou wast frae hame away, Jamie;  
 And e'er thou cam tae my relief,  
 Mary was caul, caul clay, Jamie.

Sae dearest, dinna bid me sing  
 The "Castles in the air," Jamie;  
 For och! I'm sure thou wadna wring  
 This heart—nor vex me mair, Jamie.

But our wee Mary's castle noo  
 'Ill never need repair, Jamie;  
 Nor tumble doon, for still the True,  
 Tried Corner-Stane is there, Jamie,



## CONSOLATION.

"Death hath no fears but what frail life imparts,  
Nor life true joys but what kind death improves."

—NIGHT THOUGHTS.

WEEP not, my Mary dear,  
But to the stroke submissive bow thy head,  
And join me, love, in yon untainted sphere,  
Where tears are never shed.

And yet 'tis hard to part,  
When basking in wed love's meridian ray ;  
To see fresh hopes from buds of youth to start  
Thus early to decay.

Nature, sweet one, combines  
With thee, to knit me closer to this spot ;  
Full amorously the honeysuckle twines  
Around our little cot.

Our pretty garden shows  
Some lovely shades in Flora's fancy loom ;  
While from the window-sill, thy fav'rite rose  
Sheds in a sweet perfume.

The feathery minstrels raise  
Their songs melodious from yon leafy trees ;  
On gowany hills the frisking lambkin plays—  
Love scents the gentle breeze.

Atheos well may shrink  
From leaving scene so fair, grim death to meet,  
And tremble o'er annihilation's brink—  
His hideous, sole retreat.

Were earth man's final home,  
It were fell cruelty to mock his sight,  
With Nature's splendours 'neath yon sheeny dome,  
Then sink him into night.

'Twere monstrous to suppose  
The great Creator, in his works so kind,  
Could leave poor man to battle life's dire woes,  
The only wreck behind.

A' ye wha this far hae examin'd my ware,  
 An' ye hae anither brief moment tae spare,  
 There's ae wee bit question I fainly wad ask—  
 The only reward that I claim for my task:  
 Be ye rich, be ye puir in warldly wealth,  
 Be ye auld, be ye young, in guid, or ill health,  
 Come, honestly answer, frae what ye've cam' thro',  
 Think ye that Auld Robin's philosophy's true?

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THE WALK; OR, THE HERRIET NEST.

ANCE mair had Mither Nature laid
 Aside her cloak o' wintry hue,
 An' gracefu' owre her showthers braid,
 Her gaucy vernal mantle threw.
 She kent her auldest lassie, Spring,
 Was unca fain tae show her brows,
 Sae no tae vex the willfu' thing,
 She bade the lassie gang her wa's.

Clad in her gown o' bonnie green,
 Wi' floral gems sweet sparklin' o'er,
 She was a takin', winsome queen,
 As e'er a lovin' mither bore.
 A croon o' laurels graced her broo,
 Her waist enwreathed wi' lilies fair,
 The snaw-drap an' the vi'let blue
 Entwined were in her flowing hair.

Tae hail her march, the birdies sang
 In mellow notes frae bush an' trec,
 Or, for her choir, were nursin' thrang
 Their offspring, singers yet tae be.
 The roarin' win's—skaith workin' folks—
 Beheld the fair in mute amaze,
 While gaily daffin' wi' her locks,
 Blythe zephyrs sweetly humm'd her praise.

Ilk creature raised its varied voice
 In Mither Nature's wide domain,
 E'en trees an' rocks seem'd tae rejoice,
 An' swell the peerless lassie's train.

The lo'esome kimmer's charms, I own,
 Within doors wadna let me bide,
 Till, haith, the guidwife's jealous grown
 I rove sae by the Kelvin's side.

Kelvin, thy rural, calm retreats,
 For whilk forjesket labour yearns,
 Hae aye a rowth o' guileless sweets
 For auld Saunt Mungo's toilin' bairns.
 The toddlin' rill, the "Three Tree Well,"*
 That saftly wimple intae thee;
 The flowery brae, the bosky dell,
 Aboon a' scenes still dear tae me.

But thy Creator—Nature's God—
 'Tis joy tae me aboon compare,
 Though as a worm aneath the sod
 That I tae ca' him Father dare.
 Then while I'm free tae waun'er here,
 Whaur fancy aye will hae me rove,
 Ise be content, nor poortith fear,
 Wi' *freedom* an' that Father's love.

I love tae see the birds prepare
 Tae meet anew parental toils—
 Then ilka gallant woos his fair,
 Wi' a' his maist enticin' wiles.
 I love tae see their gebbies fu'
 O' halesome fare—their wee things' food;
 An' see, there's ane weel laden noo,
 Awa' tae feed her hungry brood.

Ay, noo I spy whaur she does bide;
 But ere in thro' the leaves she steals,
 She fain wad hae me turn aside—
 For see hoo paukiely she wheels.
 Puir bird, I wadna rob thy nest,
 Tae be made laird o' this domain;
 Though, had we met—I maun confess't—
 In schuleboy days, I'd caused thee pain.

* Being in the immediate vicinity of the city of Glasgow, the "Three Tree Well," with its surrounding pleasant scenery, and the river Kelvin, into which the superabundance of its waters trot, has long been a favourite haunt of the working-bees of that monster hive.

Wha is her auld granddaddie's pride,
 Wha keeps a cheerie ingle-side,
 Whate'er sma' worldly ills betide ?
 My wee dochter Maggie.
 Wha dearly likes a merry splore,
 Yet owre her beuks doth eydent pore,
 An's unca fond o' "classic lore ?"
 My wee dochter Maggie.

Wha is't mak's Autumn dear tae me,
 E'en tho' it robs the leafy tree ?
 Whase sweet face look I then tae see ?^c
 My wee dochter Maggie's.
 Wha is't for wham I nichtly pray
 That God may lead her steps awa,
 An' be her life's ne'er-failing stay ?
 My wee dochter Maggie.



OUR GUIDEWIFE'S ADDRESS TAE WINTER.

NOVEMBER, 1859.

AULD CARLE ! ye've lucky soon began
 This year tae blister an' tae ban,
 An' dune yer very best tae stran'
 Our Channel fleet,
 As i' their teeth ye've fiercely blawn
 Yer drivin' sleet.

But, na ! auld England's *airn wa's*
 (Her wood anes noo are fu' o' flaws)
 Defy yer wildest gale that blaws—
 Noo, that's a fack ;
 An' rarely need tae slip a hawse,
 Or change a tack.

Yet, after a', I'd like tae ken
 What's set yer birms up on en',
 An' driven ye frae yer icy den
 In Norland clime,
 Tae bringe upon us wi' a sten,
 Afore yer time ?

* The author, while an inmate of the Poor-house, generally visited his friends in Ayrshire every Autumn.

An' ne'er, while leddies o' our toun
 Can buy an' wear a gaucy gown,
 S'all get yer icy fingers roun'
 My callan's heart,
 But I'll aye keep him safe an' soun'
 Wi' needle airt.

Within that kist I've blankets laid,
 Twa pair that ne'er was on a bed ;
 Nor is that press yet oot o' bread,
 Sae rage awa ;
 We'll aiblins baith be happ'd an' fed
 Hooe'er ye blaw.

Our trust is firmly placed on high,
 An' life's wee ills 'ill soon blaw by,
 Then we s'all be whaur-tae come nigh
 Ye daurna venture,
 Nor dread we *here* yer threatenin' eye,
 Auld surly Winter !



THE INVALID ; OR, MY MAGGIE'S SMILE.

I WADNA gie my Maggie's smile,
 As I see't glinting there,
 For a' the wealth o' Albion's isle,
 Or yet her college lear :
 Na, were a *bluidless* royal croon,
 Noo set upon my broo,
 I'd niffer't for what jouks aroun'
 My Maggie's lo'esome moo.

It's wiled me tae a sober pace,
 Frae folly's thochtless ways ;
 It's aften nerved my heart tae face
 Life's roughest, steyest braes.
 It fires my infant muse tae sing
 Her hamely doric lays ;
 An' when she faulds her dowie wing,
 That smile's a rowth o' praise.



In byegane days when fit tae toil,
 My daurg hooe'er sae hard;
 Ae blink o' Maggie's couthie smile,
 Was aye a rich reward.
 An' noo, when by an adverse blow
 She has tae toil for me,
 It shines as sweetly on her jo,
 A doondraucht tho' he be.

Sair trials tae hae aften wrung
 That gentle heart sae true;
 An' cruel death has shadows flung
 Athwart that noble broo.
 But trials, deaths, and poortith snell,
 An' weary carkin' toil,
 A' fled 'neath the bewitchin' spell,
 O' that warm simmer smile.

May Heav'n lang spare my Maggie dear,
 Tae be, *as noo*, my ain;
 An' tho' I hae but little gear,
 Ise ne'er be heard complain.
 Or should she first quat life's frail hauld,
 Short be *my* stay the while;
 For earth's best joys tae me were cauld,
 Gif wantin' Maggie's smile.

~~~~~

WE CANNA GANG OOR LANE.

"A' LANIE! lanie! my wee pet,  
 An' see thou dinna fa'";  
 Then cannily the bairn is set  
 Wi' back close tae the wa'.  
 And as she hauds the kilted coat,  
 That mither's heart is fain,  
 Nor thinks that a' its waes, wee tot,  
 Begin when gaun its lane.

Thus callans wish aye tae be men,  
 An' lassies tae be wives;  
 Nor dream the youthfu' days they spen'  
 The happiest o' their lives.

But when the prize is i' their claucht,  
 An' promised joy turns pain,  
 They'll own it's but a weary faucht,  
 Through life tae gang their lane.

E'en lordly man, in life's short race,  
 Is glad tae clutch at a'  
 Likely tae help him i' the chase  
 O' "fortune's slidd'ry ba' ;"  
 But aft he's hirplin' doon the brae,  
 Wi' few tae mak' amain—  
 Forlorn, dejected, sad, an' wae,  
 Can hardly gang his lane.

Frae we lea' aff our childhood's toys  
 Till we're laid i' the mools,  
 At catchin' o' earth's ffeetin' joys,  
 The wisest are but fools.  
 An' were we at the pains tae scan,  
 We'd fin', or I'm mista'en,  
 There never yet was born the man  
 Could truly gang his lane.

Then sin' we're a' sae helpless here,  
 'Midst blighted hopes an' woes,  
 For aid, Heaven's portals let's draw near,  
 Whence lasting vigour flows ;  
 Nor doubt, when at the Throne we kneel,  
 We shall assistance gain,  
 An' we but truly, humbly feel  
 We canna gang oor lane.

---

#### MY FATHER'S PRAYER.

I've sat in yon Cathedral old,  
 Saint Mungo's hoary pile,  
 Enraptured while sweet music rolled  
 Along the vaulted aisle.  
 I've quickened been to hear "The Word,"  
 Preached by God's servants there ;  
 But not as when at home I heard  
 My own dear father's prayer.



In tones of thrilling eloquence,  
 I've heard the " Good News " preached  
 And yet those tones, through sin's defence,  
 My cold heart never reached ;  
 Till, with my sire, on lowly knee,  
 Soul panting for release,  
 His prayer showed me where to flee  
 For refuge and for peace !

But 'twas not in youth's rosy morn  
 I sought my " couch of rest ;"  
 I trifled on, full many a thorn  
 Deep rankling in my breast ;  
 Yet throughout all my errors wild,  
 One voice still whispered there,  
 " Return, and thwart no more, my child,  
 Thy father's fervent prayer."

At length, when pleasures wrought but pain,  
 I turned me, bleeding, sore,  
 With barely strength enough to gain  
 My father's *open* door.  
 And, oh what joy that father felt,  
 When, by his old arm-chair,  
 A prodigal restored, I knelt,  
 In answer to his prayer.

What tho' but little searching lore  
 Was to my father given ?  
 What tho' no well-turned periods bore  
 His prayer for me to Heaven ?  
 So warm a piety there glowed  
 Throughout his fervent cries,  
 That still me thought archangels bowed  
 To hear those pleadings rise.

And still he prays, my father dear,  
 And still he labours on,  
 While faith, with him, each passing year,  
 Seems to have stronger grown.  
 Time's snows fall thick upon his head,  
 His brow deep-ploughed by care ;  
 His steps must soon with staff be stayed,  
 Yet still he's young in prayer.

Pray on, work on, thou pilgrim grey,  
 Soon must the crown be thine,  
 Though I would have thee live for aye,  
 Upon my path to shine.  
 And live thou shalt, an endless run  
 Of life unknown to care ;  
 So, in the mem'ry of thy son,  
 Shall live thy quick'ning prayer.



**THE MOTHER TO HER BABE, BORN IN MAY.**

Bless'd image of the flow'ry days,  
 That gave thee to my fond embrace ;  
 With what a rapture do I gaze  
 Into thy lovely cherub face !  
 Fresh laden with heaven's own perfume,  
 Thou shed'st its fragrance round thy sphere—  
 To gain, I trust, a fuller bloom,  
 Thy doting mother's heart to cheer.

Spring threw abroad her fairest flowers  
 To herald in thy natal day ;  
 And see she twines for thee her bowers  
 To woo thee long with us to stay.  
 But ah ! soon must her gaudy train  
 Resume their wint'ry cloaks of woe ;  
 So may my pretty bud be ta'en,  
 Ere I've seen half its beauties blow.

But wherefore o'er such *may-bes* brood ?  
 Is this thy gratitude to Heav'n,  
 That source of all our earthly good,  
 From whence I've had my treasure giv'n ?  
 Though like the flow'rets fade thou must,  
 Like them, too, 'tis but for a term ;  
 He who first call'd us from the dust,  
 Can well revive my hopeful germ.

Ay, nestle closely to my side,  
 Drink largely of the vital spring,  
 And freely may the streamlet glide  
 To nourish thee sweet helpless thing.

Enclasp thy little hands around  
 The fingers that shall toil for thee,  
 Whilst battling on life's rugged ground,  
 Howe'er so faint or poor I be.

My pretty one, when shall I hear  
 The prattlings of thy infant tongue  
 Lisp out, in accents, ah, how dear!  
*His* name from whom thy being's sprung?  
 The tendrils of his manly heart,  
 So close cling round thee, baby boy,  
 That, could it be, to him thou art  
 More than to me—a *well of joy*.

O, may we both be granted strength  
 To guide thy every step aright,  
 And see thee thrive, to burst at length,  
 In manhood on our ravish'd sight.  
 Till then, thy feebleness be our's  
 To tend, to nurture, and support;  
 And should it e'er transcend our powers,  
 May God supply what we come short.

~~~~~

"CATCH THE LEERIE."

A WIDOWED MITHER'S CROON TO HER BAIRN.

"CATCH, catch the leerie," my wee doo,
 That's dancin' lichtly, brichtly noo,
 An' gars thy bonnie starnie een
 Amaist loup frae their sockets clean.
 It's a' that e'er thou throu'ther boy,
 My arms can haud thee frae thy joy—
 Sae fain the leerie wad'st thou clutch,
 Nor dree there's skaith lies i' the touch.

But I *maun* keep thee frae't, my bairn,
 At canny distance till thou learn
 There lurks a fae o' fellest stang
 That leerie's sheeny coils amang,

Ae touch o' whilk wad scowther sair
 Thy fat wee nieves and armies bare,
 An' frae thy een draw tears o' pain,
 A-doun thy buffy cheeks amain.

Gude only kens, joy o' my heart,
 But, ere this life thou dost depart,
Bewitchin' spunkies may beguile
 Thy staps within sin's dark defile,
 An' thy puir widow'd mither a'
 That's left on earth thee tae reca'
 Back tae Heaven's sure but narrow path,
 An' warn thee o' Jehovah's wrath.

He that was fit tae be thy guide
 Was ferried owre black Jordan's tide,
 By Pilot Death, e'er yet his ee
 Was gladden'd by the sight o' thee.
 I ken that had ye baith been spared,
 He'd been thy constant, faithfu' guard
 Frae budding youth's first dawnin' wiles,
 Tae buirdly manhood's rugged toils.

An' yet, my bairn, I canna think
 That ere the sweet angelic blink,
 Noo sparklin' in thy joyous een,
 (Stars o' my lanely nichts I ween,)
 S'all be diverted frae the road
 That brings puir sinners back tae God,
 By meteors o' delusive flame,
 That twinkle but tae lead tae shame.

...irnie, I can trace e'en noo,
 ...thy fair lily broo,
 ...mair precious gems
 ...earthly diadems—
 ...tween man an' man,
 ...ot ilk virtuous plan,
 ...em a', is seen
 ...Nazarene.

A

At

MAMMY'S WEARIET WEAN.

A MITHER'S CRACK TO HER BAIRN WHILE UNDESSING IT
FOR BED.

Owre a' the weans, ye cove them clean,
That mither e'er did see,
Tot-tottin' there till aucht at e'en,
As brisk as ony bee.

But come thy wa's, noo, i' the house,
Ere thou be quite owergane;
For surely thou'rt, wee steerin' mouse,
Thy mammy's weariet wean.

Thy daddie's scarce gane tae his wark,
When morn's first streak prevails,
Till, lively as yon cantie lark,
Heigh i' the lift that sails,
An' lilts his e'enin' sang o' praise
Tae heav'n for's daily fare—
Out owre the bed, withouten claes,
Thou maun be on the fluir.

Ay, pussie lass, ye weel may look—
Ye're jist as bad as he;
An' mony a pawky, stealthy pouk
Tae bedclaes thou dost gi'e,
Whilk wauks him up, sic din tae keep
As deaves "Saunt Mungo's bell,"
Sae it's nae use tae think tae sleep—
Up I maun be mysel'.

Tae get thee buskit for the loan,
A' house turns I maun lea'e,
Jist pinch'd the parritch tae get on,
An' maskit get the tea;
Syne, wi' thy mornin's piece in han',
Thou'rt aff tae meet thy da',
An', proudest bairnie i' the lan',
On's shouthers crouselly craw.

Thou'lt watch ilk bite gaes i' his mon',
An' claim thy richtfu' share;
Nor till thy wamie's rowin fu',
Wilt lea'e his muckle chair.
An' when tae wark he daes return,
Thou'lt toddle by his side;
Syne paidle a' day i' the burn—
In doors thou winna, bide.

Na, na, our bickers we maun clean,
 E'er we ocht else daur think upon,
 Or draps o' parritch left at e'en
 Are baked up in a mashlum scone.

In short, as by some warlock arts,
 Our shilling gangs owre ither's twa,
 An' for the sweets that hame imparts,
 Tae thee, guidwife, I owe them a'.
 Sae, tae eke out a puir man's joys,
 While spielin' the stey brae o' life,
 Had I a wide, unbounded choice,
 Commend me tae a carefu' wife.

~~~~~

LINES ON BURNS' CENTENARY :

TUESDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1859.

ALL hail tae yonder orient ba',  
 Noo spielin' up the east,  
 Whase rise tae ilka cot an' ha'  
 Whaur beats a Scottish breast,  
 Proclaims that our auld mither earth  
 Has wheel'd her hunner turns,  
 Sin' yon sma' wastlin cot gied birth  
 Tae Nature's darling Burns.

'Tis na Auld Caledon alane  
 This day resounds his praise;  
 Far as the poles apart, are gane  
 His pithy doric lays;  
 At "Scots Wha Hae" what Scottish heart  
 E'er quail'd before his foes!  
 Ow'r "Mailie's Death" what saut tears start,  
 An' wintle doon the nose!

What Stoic soul but has been thrill'd  
 Ow'r "Highland Mary's" urn!  
 What troubled bosom but's been still'd  
 Ow'r "Man was made to Mourn!"  
 Frae "Cottar's last night o' the week,"  
 What virtue we inhale!  
 What cantrip quakin's blanch the cheek  
 At "Tam o' Shanter's" tale!

What can surpass his glowin' fire  
 When he sings o' his "Jean!"  
 What younker's e'er been ken't tae tire  
 Reading his "Halloween!"  
 How aft "A Man's a Man" 's been sung  
 By chieks that sparely dine!  
 How aft has crazy eild felt young  
 When liltin' "Auld Langsyne!"

Then, on this Centenary nicht,  
 What pauper, peasant, peer,  
 Wud blush shud he be seen tae dieht  
 The tributary tear?  
 Or, deem we there's some little dross  
 Within his matchless strains,  
 Let's draw oblivion's curtain close,  
 An' hide the *random* stains.



#### THE AFFLICTED PEASANT; OR, NELLY'S GRAVE.

WILD winter whistles through the trees,  
 'Tou'rin his snaw-wreaths here an' there;  
 Dubs, pools, an' burnies kienly freeze—  
 Cauld cranreuch leas the hazy air:  
 The burdies a' ha'e ta'en their flicht  
 Tae cozie biel or sunny clime,  
 While I, a dowie mateless wicht,  
 Keep waun'rin' on the strand o' time.

Ilk hour curs'd Mammon's fest'rin' airns  
 Richt heavily my saul dae press;  
 An't tak's it a' tae feed thae bairns—  
 Untented noo an' mitherless!  
 Ae workin' hour I canna spare  
 Tae ease me o' my thrawart lot;  
 But i' the cluds o' nicht repair  
 Tae worship at a hallow'd spot.

Auld Nature—kinder far than man,  
 Len's me a blink o' Phœbe's ray,  
 Wha, by clud tails, daes a' she can  
 Tae airt an' cheer my drearie way.

May "Nature's God" then nerve my heart  
 My ills—an' they're no sma'—tae brave,  
 And ever act an honest part  
 Till 'neath the sod o' Nelly's grave!

For thretty years she was my wife,  
 Her neebers an' her bairnies' pride;  
 Nor had we ae lood word thro' life,  
 Frae that night she becam' my bride.  
 Her smile was simmer aye tae me,  
 Hooe'er misfortune's blasts nicht rave,  
 But och, I noo, when nane's tae see,  
 Sab like a bairn owre Nelly's grave.

E'er she had tint her youthfu' charms,  
 She'd gi'en me lads an' lasses fair—  
 A dizen o' them tae my arms,  
 Guid health their dow'rs—I socht nae mair.  
 But ah! the message cam' at last,  
 We answer *moun*, hooe'er we crave,  
 Sae, warslin' wi' affliction's blast,  
 I coor me doon by Nelly's grave.

My auldest three, rare manly chiels,  
 No gettin' things jist tae their min',  
 Were sacrificed on battle's fiel's,  
 At fell ambition's gory shrine:  
 Four dochters braw gaed owre the sea,  
 Thinkin' that here they'd ne'er hae thrive,  
 Five helpless wee things keep wi' me  
 The sod aye green on Nelly's grave.

Wee robin redbreast, clad wi' snaw,  
 Tae claim his quarters 'hint the door,  
 Has gi'en my cot his yearly ca',  
 An' gratefu' notes e'en noo daes pour.  
 Waes me! the kindly han', puir thing,  
 That gied thee aye what nature crave,  
 Is powerless noo, sae come, tak' wing,  
 An' mourn wi' me owre Nelly's grave.

But na, crouse robin lilt awa',  
 Weel kenin' when fair spring-tide comes  
 He'll blythely sport thro' yonder shaw,  
 Quite independent o' my crumbs.



He sings—"Guidman, ye're but a fool,  
Wide nature lauchs tae hear ye rave—  
While ye crouch idly there in dool  
Fresh gowans blaw on Nelly's grave."

I thank thee, burd, why should I mourn  
In silly atheistic heart?  
I'll soon be 'cross life's weary bourne,  
An' meet my Nelly, ne'er tae part.  
Then when that bless'd hour daes arrive,  
Tae Jacob's God my bairns, I'se lea',  
An' may He nerve ilk one tae strive  
An' spend wi' us Eternity.

~~~~~

"COLESHILL."

A VOICE FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

HEAVEN's blessing on thee, David^e lad,
For that tune thou dost raise;
A better never could be had
To sing our Maker's praise.

I've often heard my Father sing
The same soul-soothing air,
When life with me was in its spring,
And I knew nought of care.

And now, when in the Poors'-house cold,
I hear thee lead that lay,
Fond mem'ry flies to days of old,
When I was taught to pray.

Oft under the parental roof
I've breathed my youthful vow,
That from ill ways I'd stand aloof—
How have I acted now?

* The person who led the psalmody in Barnhill Poor-house when this piece was composed.

Had I those precepts borne in mind,
Which I was taught were right,
I'd never thus have had repined
O'er misspent day and night.

O, what a sympathy of feeling
Do these sweet sounds convey ;
From cold harsh looks affection stealing
To kind ones far away.

Methinks that once more I draw near
The home, and to the chair
By which my Father kneels, and hear
His humble fervent prayer.

Perchance, even now, his God to praise
He has this tune begun,
Or, on low knee, his voice doth raise,
And minds his absent son.

Then, David, when thou'dst favour grant,
And this lone heart's strings thrill,
Thou'st nought to do but gently chaunt
That choice old air—"Coleshill."

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

(A SUPPOSED INCIDENT IN THE WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER)*

GAE 'wa- I winna be consol'd;
That gowd, that gowd,
And ocean Furies uncontroll'd,
Richt loud, richt loud,
My Jamie frae my breast hae torn,
An' sae o'ercastr youth's early morn,
I noo maun pine awa forlorn,
'Neath cloud, 'neath cloud.

* The *Royal Charter* (s.s.) from Melbourne to Liverpool, was wrecked in Moelfra Bay, Welsh Coast, on the morning of the 26th of October, 1859, when 470 persons met with a watery grave.

My hopes, sweet babs o' simmer flowers,
 Sae fair, sae fair,
 A' laid by fell misfortune's show'rs
 Richt bare, richt bare !
 O' leaves an' blossoms a' bereft,
 Ilk flow'ret tae the heart's core cleft,
 Till noo, alake, I hae but left
 Despair, despair.

Yes, mither, Ise greet till my een
 Are blind, are blind ;
 An' wha daur't hope I cou'd hae been
 Resigned, resigned,
 An' be in sic an hour as this,
 Within ae wee, wee stap o' bliss,
 Tae woe's dark caverns o' distress
 Consigned, consigned.

Ay, sport awa, wi' relish keen,
 My bairn, my bairn !
 Thy sair loss soon eneuch, I ween,
 Thou'lt learn, thou'lt learn.
 The eagle ee thou never saw,
 The manly broo o' driven snaw,
 Lie bleachin' noo in ocean's maw—
 Death stern, death stern

Thy daddie dear gaed owre the sea,
 Thou'lt ken, thou'lt ken,
 That in life's stormy warsle we
 Micht fen, micht fen ;
 Nor ae Australian Mail gaed by,
 But what the postman's cheery cry,
 Brocht what thy da sae couthily
 Did sen', did sen'.

At length wi' perseverance rare,
 A biel, a biel,
 He bigget us wi' tenty care,
 Fu' weel, fu' weel,
 Close by a wimplin' burnie's side,
 Whar doon life's stream we'd calmly glide—
 Till han' an' han' we reached death's tide—
 Sae leal, sae leal.

LINES TO A FAVOURITE GOLDFINCH, CALLED PEAT.

Young burdie, hoo I love tae hear
 Thy mellow notes, sae wond'rous clear,
 Fa' thus upon my waukrife ear
 In cadence sweet,
 As thou dost hail glad morn's career,
 My cantie Peat.

Thou'st aften cheered my Maggie's heart,
 When I was at yon lanely part,*
 Whaur Misery threw her cankerin' dart
 Wi' fearfu bang:
 Nae won'er, then, tears maist dae start
 Tae hear thy sang.

Through monie lang, sair workin' days
 She's been diverted wi' thy lays,
 An's leuch tae see thy antic ways,
 Auld-faurrant burd,
 That kens fu' brawly what she says—
 Ay, ilka word.

Black poortith's sel' micht smile indeed,
 Tae see thee tumblin' owre thy head,†
 Wi' sic a grace an' sic a speed,
 That art gymnastic,
 Tae cope wi' thee, wad fin' its breed
 Right sairly tasket.

Tae hear a noise thou'rt aye sae fain,
 That, gi'e thee in a chuckie-stane,
 Up tae the tapmost spar it's ta'en
 In thy lang bill,
 Syne owre its fa' wi' micht an' main
 Thou whissle'st shill.

Nae grandeur hast thou 'bout thy cage,
 Thy lack o' freedom tae assuage,
 Gif burdies feel the glowin' rage
 For gaudy thing,
 That fires the breasts o' clown an' sage,
 An' peer, an' king.

* The Poor-House.

† Nothing peculiar is claimed here for "Peat;" to tumble over the head being characteristic of the goldfinch, as is well known to all bird-fanciers.

An' yet thou hap'st wi' muckle glee
 Frae spar tae spar richt merrily,
 An' cock'st thy genty head on heigh,
 Ay, wi' the best,
 While gladsome rills o' melody
 Gush frae thy breast.

But what's come ower thy cronie, Ned ?*—
 Has he flown aff, or is he dead?—
 He's what?—he's lent tae the auld trade
 O' raisin' stock :
 Then may his hen's ilk egg, when laid,
 Turn out a cock !

I doubt na, Peat, thou't think it queer,
 Tae see a strange man-bodie here—
 Lang used wi' nane but Maggie dear
 Tae tend an' lo'e thee ;
 But be na fleyed, I winna steer
 A feather o' thee.

Ise ne'er complain tho' thou bring doon
 Thy stour my few auld beuks aboon ;
 But sit aneath thy cage, an' croon
 A verse tae thee—
 An' aiblins prent it when we've dune,
 Gif say may be.

I'd fainly ope thy prison door,
 An' gie thee liberty once more,
 But that wad vex thy mistress sore,
 Sae thou maun stay,
 An' cheer us baith by warblin' o'er
 Some fav'rite lay.

'Twad doubtless mak thy wee heart glad,
 Tho' thou'st been prison-hatch'd an' bred,
 Tae sport an hour thro' bosky shade,
 Wi' neebors gay ;
 Tho' burdies aft ha'e sautly paid
 For liberty.

* A canary bird, so called.

"Ah! Tib," quo' John, "I've dune y
 I'se wud a groat ye'll no get fou
 Till I come frae the toon, at least,
 When aiblins we may hae a taste."
 This said, an' praisin' his ain parts,
 Toonwards, at length, he briskly starts.

Part Third.

Tho' in his wisdom sae conseeted,
 Puir man, at times, is easy cheated—
 But noo he sees his projects thrivin',
 Nienst moment they're tae ruin drivin'.
 Our John felt sae in his defeat,
 But let us no anticipate.
 Tibbie, he'd i' the spence left sitten,
 A pair o' his auld huggers fitten ;
 For when upon the sober tack
 Her thrifty fingers ne'er wad slack,
 But thro' ilk turn she smartly skelpet,
 Tho' that was when she couldna help it.
 Puir John had tae the door scarce slippet,
 When tae a secret bole she trippet,
 That had a view o' the hale steaden,
 An' ilk ane that cam' out or gade in.
 She saw John slip intae the stable,
 Bring out the beast, clap on the saddle ;
 She saw him wi' a strange man crackin,
 Then spied them baith the road a-taken
 Roun' tae the barn at the house en' ;
 An' tho' 'twas rather yont her ken,
 Her sharpened instinct could discern,
 They'd placed some unca i' the barn,
 Whilk, woman's curiosity,
 We may be sure, wad hae her see,
 When she gat opportunity.
 Nor had our drouthie lang tae wait,
 Ere tae the toon John took the gate ;
 When, like a hare the hounds hae started,
 Or arrow frae the bow-string darterd,
 She sprang out o' the house instanter,
 An' bauldly she the barn did enter,
 Whaur she began tae leuk about ;
 But feint a hate could she fin' out,

E'en tho' she left nae neuk neglecket
 But what she thoroughly inspecket.
 Worn out at length, an' sick at heart,
 She on the eve was tae depart,
 When by guid luck (tho' reckon'd guid as,
 'Bout *real ill* I'm rather jub'as)
 She spied the tows tied tae the ring,
 'Lang whilk her eagle ee did wing,
 An' soon beheld—oh, sicht elys'an!—
 What she at first thocht but a vision.
 As bairns glow'r intae sweetie shops,
 Wi' waterie moos an' greedy chops,
 When they hae naething i' their pouch,
 And their keen wee desires maun crouch,
 Sae Tibbie, on her tiptaes rais'd,
 Upon the kegie earnest gaz'd,
 An', had *strong appetite* gat claucht o't,
 I trow she'd ta'en a hearty waucht o't.
 But hoo tae get it safely brocht
 Doon tae the flair was a' her thocht ;
 She saw it was a sonsie cask,
 An' like tae be a fashous task.
 At length, a bricht idea flash'd
 Intae her pate, and out she dash'd,
 Brocht in her muckle washin' boin,
 Clapp'd it aneath the keg, an' syne
 Again intae the house she sprang,
 An' frae the cleeks, whaur aye it hang,
 Her guidman's gun she instant grippet,
 And aff the nozle pock o't strippet.
 For pouter, lang she didna seek it,
 Fu' weel she kent whaur it was keepit—
 Pour'd in a charge o't frae the flagon
 (Her apron tail it ser't for wadden),
 An' ramm'd it tae, as tichtly doon,
 As e'er a red-coat o' the croon :
 Syne in a leaden bullet stappit,
 Mair wadden on the tap o't packit,
 An' march'd aff tae the field o' strife,
 Like Amazon, or warrior wife.
 Arrived there, nae time she lost
 In choosin' out a proper post.
 (Nae counter-marchings here an' there,
 On whilk our modern Generals wair

An' mair than a'—the licht Divine
 Shone in upon his soul,
 Kept him upon the narrow line,
 An's passion did control.

Soon Donald was an alter'd man—
 Gat true frien's, tae, when needin,
 Wha voov'd tae back oot ony plan
 He thoecht he micht succeed in.

And as nae handicraft he'd learned,
 Yet scorn'd tae be an idler,
 He thoecht his bannock micht be earn'd
 By trudgin' as a pedlar.

Sae, by their help, a pack was stock'd
 Wi' trinkets an' sic likes,
 Roun' whilk the kintra hizzies flook'd
 As bumbees frae their bikes.

An' finely did he fit the trade,
 For he possess'd sic parts
 As gat him sales whaur'er he gaed,
 An won the lassies' hearts.

Thus prosper'd he in warldly gear,
 Whilst Scotland he did roam,
 Till hap'nin' ae day tae be near
 Victoria's Highland home :

An' still a gey auld farrant chiel',
 He thoecht, wad courage trust him,
 'Twad greatly add untae his weal,
 Could he but gain sic custom.

Tae try't at length he bauldly set—
 Yet wi' respectfu' bearin'—
 An' frankly tirlin' at the yet,
 He tells them o' his erran'.

The laqueys used him unca kind—
 For Donald's way was takin'—
 An' promis'd to bear him in mind
 Tae's lordship then in waitin'.

His lordship kindly lent his ear,
 An' leugh weel at the project—
 Said he wad let his Sov'rin hear
 She'd sic a worthy subject.

His wish, when's Sov'rin cam' tae ken,
 Met wi' her acquiescence,
 An' Donald an' his pack's brocht ben
 Before the royal presence.

My word! I think I see the stares
 O' that hale Royal Fam'ly,
 While leukin' owre puir Donald's wares,
 Sae gran' an' yet sae hamely.

I'm sure her Majesty ne'er saw
 Sic triflin' things afore;
 Tho' aiblins they wad been thocht braw
 By royal dames o' yore.

Nor was the monarch o' oor Scot
 Content tae view the gear;
 She purchas'd, an' I'se wad a groat,
 She never ca'd them dear.

But what's this mak's the puir chiel start?
 "Donald, our pedlar thou;
 And wear our arms to show thou art
 A royal pedlar now!"

Dumfooner'd, Donald stan's awhile,
 Syne stammers oot his thanks;
 Then, arm in arm, wi' guid Carlisle,
 Upon his Hielan' shanks,

He lea's the presence o' his Queen,
 Wi' heart as licht's a fay,
 Nor had his purse sae heavy been,
 I trow, for mony a day.

But noo cam' Donald's tryin' time,
 That gar'd him nearly shrink
 Frae's principle—for, in red wine,
 The Queen's health he maun drink.

But had ye gat sic raxers on when I stuck tae the dram,
They'd fitted ye as breeks o' mine fit my wee bunchie Tam.

But, na, whaur whisky's i' the case, 'twas sae wi' me at
least,
There's little comfort tae be had for either man or beast;
But *appetite*, that savage tyke, tracks aye the drunkard's
stap,
Ready tae snap ilk scrimpit bite e'en frae the infant's lap.

It maistly sets me mad tae ken hoo aft my drucken ways,
Deprived my nearest kin on earth o' shelter, fuid, an' claes;
Ay, drove them chitt'rin tae the loan in weather fiercely
bleak,
That lazy rascals might enjoy a cozy ingle cheek.

And, Jolly, aft the cuttin' lash o' famine ye did feel,
When I sat boozin' days on days an' never turned a wheel;
But noo yer hay, yer aits, yer beans, a royal naig might
please,
An' quarters in a stable snug wi' bedding tae yer knees.

An' prouder beast than ye this day 'ill no be on the road,
Wi' shinin' graith, new cart, new wheels, frae joiner, Andra'
Tod,
For whilk I paid doon on the nail twall pound out o' my
han',
An' ne'er a firmer cart an' wheels were by a naigie drawn.

Gif business daesna tak' a thraw, nor health meet onie
harm,
The day may come that sees us twa upon a bonnie farm;
An' should I ha'e the luck tae meet yer match at tryst or
fair,
I'se lay my lugs I then may brag the warl for sic a pair.

Ye've licket out yer mornin's bite, sae Jolly, we maun gang,
For weel ye ken, 'tween this an' that, we're mair than orner
thrang;
But never flinch, teetotal keeps a fu' *pock* owre yer tram—
Noo, for the road—tuts, ye auld fule, ye're playfu' as a
lamb.

Success, then, tae the Temperance Car; Gude speed it on
 its way,
 Till publicans, thae heartless loons, on *sauls* nae langer
 prey;
 Till no a drunkard through the streets, o' toon or clachan
 reels,
 May philanthropic vigour row its freedom-bearing wheels.

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**THE WEDDIN' COAT; OR A VOICE FRAE THE PAWN.**

A' **KEN** there's license for the muse, sae we've advantage  
 tane o't,  
 An' gien the Weddin' Coat a tongue tae tell its tale the  
 lane o't;  
 An' tho' *Saint Mungo's bardies* a' may nocht but nonsense  
 see in't,  
 We vouch—grant speech, an' something mair—there's no  
 a word o' lee in't.

Hech, sirs! I've lain eleven months, an' nine an' twenty  
 days,  
 Upon this dark an' stoory rack, 'mang ither luckless claes;  
 An' gin my maister daesna come the morn tae tak' me oot,  
 There's naething for't, but that I maun change hauns with-  
 oot a doot.

That Pawn-Man has an ee tae me—he tried me on himsel';  
 An' strutted proudly thro' the place, like onie Lun'on  
 swell—  
 I ken he's wishen' Tam may ne'er relieve me frae his rack,  
 An' me, his bonnie Weddin' Coat, scarce ten times on his  
 back.

Puir Tam, tae gie the chiel his due, was fond eneuch o' me,  
 Sae lang's he ne'er put tae his lips that cursed barley-bree;  
 But when he did forget himsel'—alack, my runckled tails  
 Gied Meg, his wife, twa hours' teugh wark, wi' water,  
 brush, an' nails.

But noo, my music, scuddie thing,  
 Ye'd better fauld yer weary wing,  
 And ease yer sair forjesket breast,  
 E'er ye attempt tae croon the rest.

*Part Second.*

Noo turn we tae the lower kind,  
 A' sorts an' sizes we shall find,  
 Frae "Elephantus" wi' his trunk,  
 Tae mousie i' the victual bunk.

Three muckle "Lions" we hae gat,  
 Crouchin'—we brawly ken for what—  
 Tae pounce upon their luckless prey,  
 Whene'er they chance tae come their way.  
 "Twa Naigs," a bay ane and a white—  
 Baith ill-set deils tae fling an' bite—  
 A "Zebra" and a "Crocodile";  
 A "Fox," unmatch'd for crafty wile;  
 "Mazepa" lashed tae his wild steed;  
 Twa "Black Bulls"—emblems fit, indeed,  
 O' the *black business* o' mine host,  
 That mony a hapless wicht has toss'd  
 Oot o' warm comfort's cozie lap,  
 Heigh as Benedi's snawie tap.  
 This minds me we ha'e heads an' horns  
 O' "Bulls," "Rams," "Bucks," and "Unicorns,"  
 Whaur they that like strong drink tae swill,  
 While they ha'e cash may booze their fill;  
 But gang without the ready clink,  
 They'll pitch them tae the door like stink.

Syne o' the tribes that scud the air,  
 We've "Corbies" an' we've "Swans" a pair—  
 A curly nebbit "Eagle," tae—  
 Twa "Hawks," and ither birds o' prey;  
 And, as if by some cantrip spell,  
 The niest tae han' is "Philomel"—  
 That warbler o' Italian groves,  
 Whaur Roman maids tell owre their loves;  
 Yet here she's but a bird o' ca',  
 (O, sangster sweet, hoo great's thy fa' !)

Lurin' puir gowks tae join sic brawls  
 As issue frae oor "Concert Halls."  
 Whae'er he was, I carena wha,  
 First daur'd the minstrel's name tae staw,  
 (The very thocht o't sets me gyte—  
 An' whaur's the bardie widna flyte) \,  
 He'd nae mair music in his saul  
 Than I'd bring oot o' a cobbler's awl.

Noo comes the vegetable warl',  
 At whilk they, tae, maun ha'e a haul,  
 Tae busk oot their immoral sinks,  
 An' help them tae gat aff their drinks.  
 Twa trees we've gat, a "Pear" and "Oak,"  
 A vile, sour pear that's gart me bock,  
 When, fule I was, my hard-won gains  
 I niffered for sair grips an' grains.  
 We've gat an "Olive Branch" and "Vine,"  
 Parent, nae doot, o' sterliu' wine;  
 But here, I'm fleyed, it tak's its place  
 'Langside o' oor degen'rate race;  
 And a' wine-beblen silly hashes  
 Pay dear for what but filthy trash is.  
 An olive leaf, I may remark,  
 Was brocht tae Noah i' the Ark,  
 By bonnie dooie's genty neb,  
 Tae tell the flude was on the ebb.  
 But when will whisky's flude abate—  
 That still fast-makin' awfu' spate—  
 Bearin' upon its dusky waves  
 Oor ruin'd thousands tae their graves?  
 We've "Thistle," "Shamrock," an' "The Rose,"  
 A' oot o' place, ane wad suppose;  
 Erin and England weel might gi'e  
 Their stations tae the "Upas Tree,"  
 That's said tae poison sae its sphere  
 That nocht wi' life daur venture near.  
 As for auld Scotia's hardy Thistle,  
 Yow but it pits me in a fisle  
 Tae see her wave her bonnet, too,  
 Coaxin' her bairns tae join the crew—  
 That strive wi' death their wames tae rax,  
 An' rive the cleedin' aff their backs,  
 When she should drive them tae their hames,  
 Cracklin' 'mid whisky's roarin' flames.

O wae betide the whisky folk, they rob puir working-men,  
Then fling them out like ne'er-do-weels, when they've nae  
mair to spen';

I dae my best to keep ye oot, an' mony a kick I thole,  
But when yer in I'd easier draw a badger frae its hole.

'Twas jist yestreen, nae far'er gane, I saw that ye war fou,  
Sae gie'd a bark to wauken ye, and gie'd your breeks a pu';  
When at me ran the whisky man, and drew me sicna kick,  
It sent me yowlin' frae the hoose, sair limp'in' wi' the lick.

'Twasna for a' the din I made that set the loon on me—  
He kent ye had some siller left to spend on barleybree ;  
But haud a wee, I'll seize him yet, an' gie him sic a rug,  
He'll think twice ere he lift his fit to ony puir man's dug.

'Tisna alane the misery ye bring upon yersel'—  
Ye'll bring yer bairnies to disgrace, an' break the heart o'  
Nell ;

Ye'll soon be oot o' hoose an' ha'—an' harken, in yer lug—  
Ye'll maybe miss, when I am dead, yer ain wee tousie dug.

Ye'll no hae me to warn ye o' horses, gigs, and cars,  
Nor watch owre ye when sleepin' fou beneath the pale nicht  
stars ;

What ither dug wad thole yer cuffs, and lead ye safely hame,  
An follow ye through win' an' weet—aft wi' a hungry wame?

Ye min' that awfu' winter nicht ye lay amang the snaw,  
Cauld sleet and drift fell frae the lift, the win' did fiercely  
blaw ;

To keep ye warm an' safe frae harm, I lay upon your breast,  
An' ilk ane said ye aw'd yer life to me, yer faithfu' beast.

Ye warena aye sae fond o' drink—it was a happy hame  
When wife an' bairns, guidman an' dug, joined in the blyth-  
some game ;

We then had walth to eat an' drink—braw claes for kirk  
an' fair—

An' o' the best, amang the rest, yer duggie got his share.

But win' an' weet, the want o' meat, e'en cuffs an' kicks I'd  
thole,

Gin ye'd but promise to forsake this waur than Satan's hole ;  
I fain wad come an' pu' ye oot, but daurna' for my lugs—  
The public-hoose is no a place for either men or dugs !

*Part Second.*

O come awa' for ony sake, nor heed that whisky-man,  
 To set yer heart against yer dug, he's trying a' he can ;  
 He needna shake his nieve at me, nor think to gar me rin,  
 I'm still a tarrie at the heart, tho' worn to hair an' skin.

I ne'er wad darken his door-step, an' 'twarna for yersel',  
 I hae a duty to perform, baith tae the bairns au' Nell.  
 Puir things, my thochts are a' on them, but ye ne'er fash  
 yer lug :  
 Sae wae for them, I whiles could greet, tho' I am but a dug.

D'ye mind that day wee Annie dee'd?—her lips were cauld  
 an' blue,  
 How, puir wee thing, sae lovingly she tae her breast ye drew?  
 Her cauld han's lock'd about yer neck, it made my heart feel  
 sair,  
 To hear her plead, wi' her last breath, wi' ye tae drink nae  
 mair.

Ye ken if ye hae kept yer word tae yer wee deein' wean.  
 That very day her head was laid aneath the kirk-yard  
 stane,  
 Ye gae'd stracht tae the public-hoose—nae doo't tae droon  
 yer care,  
 But, tho' I'm but a dug, I ken there's nae real comfort there.

Ye're surely daft!—na, waur than daft—tae sell the joys o'  
 hame,  
 For, drink that mak's ye sic a fule, gars e'en yer dug think  
 shame ;  
 It freezes luve—it kills respec'—it mak's ye no yersel' ;  
 An' waur than a', ye're like a bear baith tae the bairns an'  
 Nell.

An' sic a fricht, the ither night, we gat when ye were fou',  
 Ye said ye were in some dark pit 'mang diels and bogles  
 blue—  
 The very sweat brak' on yer face, yer hair stood as on en',  
 An' Nell, puir body, ran like wud to fetch the neebors ben.

**THE APPEAL OF THE PUBLICAN'S WIFE TO HER  
HUSBAND.**

*Part First.*

'Tis Sabbath morn, that boon o' boons ;  
That oasis 'mid the desert drear ;  
In quiet clachans, steerin' toons,  
Tae horny-fisted labour dear.  
The "in-gaun bells" hae jist been rung,  
The preacher mounts the pu'pit stair ;  
The "opening psalm" is being sung  
Tae monie a saul-soothing air.

Our city guardians on their beats,  
Are a' that meet the gazer's ken,  
Gin we except, in antrin streets,  
Some gangral bodies, noo and then.  
This morn, bauld prostitution shrinks,  
Frae haudin' up its face o' brass ;  
Bleer-ee'd it thro' the winnock blinks,  
But owre the door-stap daurna pass.

A's calmly still—Saunt Mungo sleeps,  
After a week o' carkin' toil ;  
Yet, tho' sic stillness owre him creeps,  
His gleg auld ears are ope the while ;  
When, hark, frae yonder drunkerie,  
Fell source o' monie black distresses,  
In plaintive voice an' tenderly  
A wife her husband thus addresses :—

"O, dear guidman, will nocht entice  
Ye for tae lea' this awfu' trade ?  
Or, maun the curses, tears, an' sighs  
O' mithers thicken 'bout our head ?  
It pikes the flesh clean aff my banes,  
It gars my cheeks grow lily pale,  
Tae see the drunkard's starvin' weans,  
An' hear ilk ane's heart-rendin' tale.

O, for the breeze on yon hill-tap,  
Whilk in my lassie days I've clamb ;  
An' gathered gowans i' my lap,  
Or, sported wi' the gamesome lamb.



O, for a stroll thro' Campsie Glen,  
 Tae brush the fumes o' drink away,  
 Nor Albion's bags o' gowd wad then  
 E'er tempt my fitstaps here tae stray.

Ye wiled me frae my faither's side,  
 When ploughman tae a neebor laird,  
 An' ca'd me yer ain winsome bride,  
 Wi' wham few then could be compared.  
 But gin that faither saw me noo,  
 Wha' short syne was sae fair an' sleek,  
 He'd miss contentment aff the broo,  
 An' roses aff his Mysie's cheek.

When I think on my bairnhood's hame,  
 And this *vile life* we're leevin' here,  
 It gars me blush for vera shame,  
 An' weep the gall-embitter'd tear.  
 Thae awesome aiths o' yesternicht,  
 Ring thro' my lugs wi' direfu' knell ;  
 Sic fearfu' brawls, wad pit tae fricht,  
 The fiercest demons out o' hell.

O, then, this cursed business lea'e—  
 E'en trudge again hint pleugh or cart ;  
 An' what sma' help a wife can gie,  
 Fu' cheerfully I'll dae my part.  
 They were the days, the happy days,  
 When ye engaged in *honest toil*,  
 An' bairns were blythe as fairy fays,  
 And I could meet ye wi' a smile.

*Part Second.*

'Tis true, ye ne'er get fou yersel',  
 Ne'er deal me the unmanly stroke,  
 An' yet it puzzles me tae tell  
 Hoo ye can gie tae ither folk,  
 What daily, hourly ye maun see  
 Sic awfu' havoc ever breeds  
 'Mang a' that mells wi't—miserly—  
 An' mony intae orime it leads.

While that the minstrels might draw breath,  
 The dancers took the flair:  
 E'en tree-legg'd Pate—'twad been yer death  
 Tae see him hobble there.

"Far better still—when a' was owre,  
 Like sober, honest folks,  
 Free o' that kittle whisky's power,  
 An' mony clures an' knocks—  
 Ilk ane gaed quietly tae his bed;  
 For my pairt, I can tell,  
 I've wrocht this day wi' my auld head  
 As clear an' soun's a bell.

"Wi' drink I ne'er gade oot the way,  
 At waddin', dance, or fair,  
 But aften, when I couldna stay,  
 I've left an paid my share;  
 An'. at three-score, tae turn T. T.  
 May scarce be worth my pains,  
 Still, I s'all dae't, gif but tae be  
*A pattern tae the weans."*



## THE MATCH-SELLER; OR, THE MANLY BAIEN.

AN OWRE TRUE TALE.

YON duddie callan on the street,  
 Wi' brucket face an' blister'd feet,  
 Gangs hirplen here an' there,  
 Wi' his wee box slung roun' his neck,  
 Sellin' his matches or shoe-bleck,  
 When he can rise sic ware.  
 He daes his best the bite tae earn,  
 That parents oucht tae gie,  
 An' bravely, tho' he's but a bairn,  
 He battles misery;  
 That sair faucht, that puir faucht,  
 He meets wi' ilka day,  
 An' few be that noo be,  
 But mair or less they hae.

Guidwives say that he's gat a nack,  
 Cross-legg'd his boxes sae tae pack,  
     That cheats them oot a dizen; °  
 Or lays their bottoms wi' dry chips,  
 Cover'd a-tap wi' twarie dips,  
     Sae prone is he tae cozen;  
 Whilk practice, tho' I'se no defend,  
     I'd hae wives ne'er forget,  
 That youthfu' actions much depend  
     On hame examples set.  
     Let's hie then, an' spy then,  
     The standard o' his hame,  
     Look well to 't, syne tell o't,  
     Gif this puir bairn's tae blame.

The wa's are black wi' reek an' stoor;  
 Ye lea'e yer fit-track on the floor,  
     Whaur'er ye chance tae press't.  
 For tables, stools, or chairs there's nane—  
 The only seat's that muckle stane—  
     Shud ye incline tae rest.  
 On hearth there's no a spunk o' fire;  
     The chimlie's sel's awa';  
 Or when they've coals, twa ribs o' wire  
     Can brawly burn them a'.  
     But sparely an' rarely  
     Dances the cheerie lowe,  
     Tae "lichten an' brichten"  
     Wee faces wi' its glow.

Thae twarie shavings i' the neuk,  
 That scantily an' black dae leuk,  
     Is a' the couch that's here;  
 For beddin' there's but filthy duds,  
 Tae fence aff stormy winter's thuds,  
     When darkly fa's the year.  
 The cookery things are few an' sma',  
     As sma' the wark they've gat—  
 That broken spoon, that bowl or twa,  
     That lugless, fitless pat—  
     A' dusty an' rusty,  
     Wi' being oot o' use;  
     An' scrimpit an' jimpit  
     The meal they e'er produce.

Matches.

And as my neist auldest is gaun tae get wed,  
 I maun spare a trifle tae mak' their start cannie,  
 And I'm proud for tae say that the choice she has made  
 Can show by his ticket he care's nae for Nanny.  
 Teetotal he's join'd, teetotal he's join'd,  
 Teetotal he's join'd, and cares nae for Nanny.

Ye blin'-faulded bodies, I hope ye'll alloo  
 That Nanny's a kimmer at best unca kittle,  
 An' mony braw fallows hae cause for tae rue  
 That e'er they dealt wi' her, or muckle or little.  
 I've tried baith the ways o't, an' I maun confess,  
 That lang as I kent her tae folly I ran aye.  
 The cheapest, the sweetest, the wisest, an' best,  
 Is join the teetotal, tak' fareweel o' Nanny.  
 Sae join the teetotal, sae join the teetotal,  
 Sae join the teetotal, tak' fareweel o' Nanny.

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THE TEETOTALER'S NEW-YEAR'S SONG.

PRESENTED TO THE OCHILTREE TOTAL ABSTINENCE SOCIETY, WITH THE
 AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS.

AIR—"Our ain fireside."

YOUNG Birkie Time, we hail thee, at our ain fireside,
 But hark thee, lad, we bail thee, at our ain fireside,
 Thou'lt neither smell nor pree that cursed barley-bree ;
 Still, thou may'st cantie be, at our ain fireside.

The tea-cups are a-fillin', at our ain fireside,
 An' Jenny's mair distillin', at our ain fireside,
 Sae come, thou beardless boy, an' join our halesome joy,
 Unmix'd wi' *drink's* alloy, at our ain fireside.

We ne'er gae out "first-fittin'" frae our ain fireside,
 But soberly we're sittin' at our ain fireside ;
 Or, come's a neebor rare, he's draw in owre his chair,
 Richt welcome tae a share, at our ain fireside.

Nae drinkin', roarin', swearin', at our ain fireside,
 Nae daudin', fechtin', tearin', at our ain fireside;
 But mirth that ne'er embroils, the vacant hour beguiles,
 An' peace fu' blithely smiles, at our ain fireside.

We're sae content an' happy at our ain fireside,
 Without the whisky drappie, at our ain fireside,
 'Tis strange, we maun alloo, that men shud e'er get fou,
 An' lose the joys we've noo, at our ain fireside.

Our couthie wifie smilin' at our ain fireside,
 Repays our towmon's toilin', at our ain fireside;
 Dressed in her Nairday braws, ilk ane's respec' she draws,
 A' thro' the temp'rance cause, at our ain fireside.

Our bonnie bairns are cheerie, at our ain fireside,
 An' what wad mak them eerie, at our ain fireside?
 They've a' they can desire—braw claes, health, fuid, an' fire,
 An' daffin' till they tire, at our ain fireside.

Tho' hamely be our fare yet, at our ain fireside,
 There's aye a bite tae spare yet, at our ain fireside;
 Auld frailty's heart tae raise, or soothe the orphan's waes,
 An' thow its frozen taes, at our ain fireside.

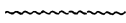
Noo that ye've gat a blinkie o' our ain fireside,
 Say, Birkie Time, what think ye o' our ain fireside?
 'Neath our testotal beil, ye see we're thrivin' weel,
 Nor want o' whisky feel, at our ain fireside.

No more his lion-soul shall lead
 Thy brave 'gainst rebel foes ;
 No more his tender heart shall bleed
 For thy fair daughters' woes.

Well may thy daughters, Britain, weep ;
 Their champion's at his rest ;
 No racking cares for their safe keep
 Shall trouble more his breast.
 He saw deliverance come at last—
 'Twas all that he did crave—
 Then, weary worn, he calmly pass'd
 Into an honour'd grav'd.

Well may thy soldiers, Britain, mourn ;
 He was their truest friend ;
 No more that hoary head is borne,
 Their welfare to defend.
 He cheer'd them on in each hard task,
 He shared their every sigh ;
 Then, what if doubtfully they ask,
 Why such an one should die ?

Guard, Britain, guard his widow's years,
 Whate'er their numbers left,
 And gently wipe the children's tears,
 Of such a sire bereft.
 I waive what monumental pile
 Or carved urn can tell ;
 'Tis at the *hearths* of Britain's isle
 Havelock shall longest dwell.



NEW-YEAR'S EPISTLE TO H. N., GLASGOW.

BARNHILL POORHOUSE, 1st JAN., 1859.

DEAR Sir, upon this New-Year's-day,
 I pray that monarch Time may aye
 Be guid tae thee an' thine,
 An' gif thou's had a wee bit faucht,
 In warslin wi' "auld fifty-aucht,"
 Gude sen' "young fifty-nine,"

Noo that he fills the royal chair
 O' his departed daddie,
 May distribute an ample share
 Tae you, Sir, an' yer leddy—
 The sweetest an' meetest
 O' human joys on earth—
 A cheerfu', untearfu',
 Quiet domestic hearth.

An' yet, dear Sir, I dinna ken,
 But what the vera wale o' men
 Or noo hae had their fears ;
 An' while thro' life they've play'd their parts,
 They felt it ease their waefu' hearts
 Tae draw aff twarrie tears.
 It seems, na, 'tis a very truth,
 That while we're pilgrims here,
 Boobackit age, an' strappin' youth,
Maun fen on pilgrims' cheer.

But bear up, an' cheer up,
 Tho' whiles yer sky's o'ercast,
 A fair day, a *rare* day,
 Is keekin' thro' the blast.

Sin' Heav'n has bless'd yer lot wi' bairns,
 For whilk the manly bosom yearns,
 May't favour them alway,
 An' spare ye lang tae be their guide,
 For a' their bits o' wants provide,
 While spielin' life's stey brae.
 Yet doubt na, Sir, they'll cost ye thocht—
 Ay', trouble an' concern,
 For monie a parent's head's been brocht
 Fu' low by wayward bairn.

But while here, let's toil here,
 In duty ilka hour ;
 The rest o't, the *best* o't,
 Lies wi' a higher power.

I picture them in fancy's ee,
 A ring o' wee tots roun' yer knee,
 Wi' dauds o' curran'-bun :

My honest, heartfelt, gratefu' thanks,
 Sole currency o' Pauper Banks,
 For yon great favour that ye sent,
 An' may yer cash ne'er waur be spent.
 Ah, Sir, 'twill help a faithfu' wife,
 Wha's warsled wi' the ills o' life,
 Her leefu' lane sax dreary years,
 Wi' but her needles and her shears,
 While I that ought tae been her stay,
 An' comforter thro' ilka wae,
 Driven hither by disaster fell,
 Am e'en a *burden* tae mysel':
 'Twill help her tae get smoothly by
 The scowrie winter drawin' nigh;
 'Twill mak' her ingle brightly burn,
 'Twill aft re-fill the steamy urn,
 While close at han' the cup awaits,
 "That cheers but not inebriates."
 Na, doubtless, Sir, an' I were there,
 Tae fill again yon vacant chair,
 Yer favour, tae her partial eyes,
 Wad mak' *our* hame a Paradise;
 An, aiblins some big feelin' heart
 S'all kick that *gowden ba'* my nirt.
 Farewell, kind Sir, an' for yer favour
 May Heaven's choicest blessings ever
 Descend in sweet refreshing showers
 Upon the heads o' you an' yours.



TO A DEAR AND HIGHLY VALUED FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS LITTLE ALICE, A PRETTY PRATTLER
OF FOUR YEARS.

BARNHILL POOR-HOUSE, NOVEMBER 23, 1859.

LEAL Patron o' the Puir-house Muse,
 My heart is wae,
 Tae see thy brow wat wi' the dews
 O' grief this day;

But may the laddie o' yer choice,
 Be wordy o' ye, honest, wise,
 An' gie ye sweet cause tae rejoice
 Baith nicht and day ;
 Nor may yer ingle lack the voice
 O' bairns at play.

Strive aye tae hae a clean hearth-stane,
 At keepin' meal-hours^o yield tae nane,
 Nor blinks o' time ye think yer ain,
 Wi' neebors spen',
 For claverin' wives are aft the bane
 O' workin' men.

Get thro' wi' ilk turn in a crack,
 An' neer be fleyed tae boo yer back,
 For 'tis a shame tae see a slack
 An' hanless hizzy,
 Wha's only credit is her nack
 O' being lazy.

Yet doubt na lassie ye'll hae toil
 In wrastlin' thro' life's weary moil;
 Bairns *will* tak' touts freens *will* beguile,
 Whiles at the best ;
 Or raven death pounce in an' spoil
 Yer cozie nest.

But hand ye fast an iron will ;
 Push bauldly on, an' fear nae ill ;
 Keep Him in view wha's mercies fill
 The world wide.
 Nor doubt but His omniscient skill
 S'all be yer guide.

Fareweel, dear Jenny, still may ye
 Be happy as I wish ye be,
 Syne nocht that *virtue's sel'* can gie,
 Ye'll ever tine ;
 But wi' a steady heav'nward ee
 Ye'll *toe* her line.

* That is, to be punctual in having each meal cooked to the hour, and thus save your home many sad bickerings, your own heart many biting reflections, and the guidman that is to be many *soor* looks.

NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS:

DELIVERED TO THE INMATES OF BARNHILL POOR-HOUSE AT
THEIR ANNUAL SOIREE, JAN. 1, 1859.

THE Barnhill Bardie's sent me here
Tae wish ye, Sirs, a guid New-Year,
An' fainly hopes the auld ane's quat ye,
At least, nae waur than when it gat ye.
Lang may ye keep oor parish boat
On concord's placid stream afloat,
An' nail yer colours tae the mast,
Syne stan' firm by them tae the last;
An' may yer chart still be a true ane,
Sail'd close tae by chief pilot Ewing.*

Tae ilk official o' this house,
Frae Governor tae Johnie Bruce,†
He sends his compliments in token,
That they, by him, are no forgotten.
An' tho' they hae their ain bit faucht,
In keepin' a' things tae the straucht,
He hopes it still shall be their care
Tae deal fu' gently wi' the puir,
An' win that croon o' moral beauty,
Summ'd up in this ae wee word—*duty*.

You tae, ye lovely Barnhill dears,
He for yer weelfare kindly spiers;
An's prond tae see ye sit in raws,
A' sparklin' i' yer puirhouse brows.
Tae you, my honour'd ancient dames,
Whas auld hearts yearn for youthfu' hames,
He bids me say that, i' yer need,
Ye hae a freen in Mrs. Reid.‡

An' ye, young queens, he's no forgat ye—
Get wed, when ye get men tae tak' ye.
Indeed, dear Sirs, § the Bardie's wae
Tae see sic clever queens as thae
Coped up within puirhouse abode,
The mair sae, as the Antipodes

* Chairman of the Board. † Rogue-catcher to the Establishment. ‡ House
matron. § To the Chairman and gentlemen present.

VERSES ON THE OPENING OF THE GLASGOW PUBLIC
GYMNASIUM.*

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY AN OCTOGINARIAN.)

FRIDAY, 7TH SEPTEMBER, 1860.

*Most respectfully Dedicated to the Donor of the Gymnasium, David Gibson
Fleming, Esq., Merchant, Manchester.*

OWRE a' the farces I hae seen
Enacted on oor bonnie Green,
An' monie a divertin' ploy
I've witnessed there, baith man an' boy,
While thae last aughty years hae fled,
An' left me wi' a hoary head,
While care has wrinkled deep my broo,
Till 'neath its wecht my shouthers boo.

Upon that Green my pairt I've ta'en
At throwin' caber, puttin' stane,
An' weel I mind hoo I wad strive,
Till e'en my vera breeks I'd rive.
I've aften there the rounders ran,
When I had reached the years o' man,
An' muckle hae enjoyed the same,
Tho' noo its thocht a bairnly game.

This brings my mem'ry tae reca'
What I, an' monie ithers saw,
Last Friday, seventh o' September,
A day that I s'all lang remember,
When oor toon's folks deleerit gaed,
Wi' their Lord Provist at their head,
An' swung on chains, an' lap owre sticks,
An' monie ither showman tricks.

* The above stanzas, which ought to have stood in Part First of this book, as containing the class to which they properly belong, were not composed until said part had gone through the press. The author, as a citizen of Glasgow, introduces them here in token of his high appreciation of Mr. Fleming's goodness in presenting his (Mr. Fleming's) native city with so valuable an adjunct to health as the subject of these lines. At the same time the author, as an individual, would express his most hearty thanks to Mr. Fleming for personal favours received at his hands.

An' first saw licht break thro' the riggin'
O auld Saunt Mungo's smeekey biggin'.
But unlike monie neebor weans,
He daesna hoard up a' his gains ;
But deals oot, wi' a kindly haun,
Tae ilk guid object i' the laun,
That's tae secure the puir man's weal,
An' help him tae a cozie beil ;
Weel kennin' that Industry's swat
For ilka penny he has gat.
Lang may he sae his siller spen',
In seekin' sic a noble en'—
Th' improvement o' the public health,
Black-fisted Labour's only wealth ;
For feeble frame, we rarely find,
Can carry lang a sturdy mind.





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